

75 CENTS

JUNE 2, 1975

INSIDE COLOR
ALASKA'S OIL BOOM

TIME

OLD AGE

How to Help
Our Parents

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The reporting for this week's cover story on the aged in the U.S. began with the widely publicized revelations about scandalous conditions in nursing homes across the country. But Senior Editor Martin Goldman, who directed the project, felt that TIME's story should "go beyond exposes of death camps for the elderly" and explore more broadly how older citizens are—and should be—helped in mid-1970s America. To that end, TIME correspondents not only visited nursing homes, good and bad, but toured other enclaves for the aged, from elegant "retirement villages" in Florida to the peeling stopovers of Boston's South End. Public health officials and gerontologists were tapped for their views, but the most poignant interviews were with old people—and their often guilt-angst-ridden children. Goldman, Associate Editor Peter Stoler, who wrote the story, and Reporter Gail Eisen, who researched it, were moved by the agony that millions of older Americans endure, but are hopeful that U.S. society is finding ways to provide what Stoler calls "the concerned, humane care to which the elderly are entitled."



AUSTIN MUFFED

It was early April when San Francisco Correspondent John Austin, swaddled in layers of arctic gear, stepped warily out of a warm airplane at Prudhoe Bay on Alaska's oil-rich North Slope to begin reporting the story in the Nation section on the Alyeska pipeline project. Though the temperature was a nippy —50° F., old North Slope hands assured Austin he was enjoying unusually balmy spring weather. "Maybe so," he recalls, "but I didn't see any of them getting out the volleyball net." Austin interviewed oilmen, contractors and job-hunting boomers from the Lower 48 for the story which was written by Associate Editor James Atwater, with the help of Reporter-

CHRISTOPHER OGDEN



OGDEN WITH SNOWMOBILE

Researcher Maria Dorion. Correspondent Christopher Ogden and Photographer Steve Northup toured the state to measure the impact of petroleum-based prosperity on Alaska's life-style and pristine environment. Both of those, they found, were not what they had been in gold-rush days. In Point Barrow, for instance, some of the Eskimos whom Ogden had come to interview turned up with Texas oil lawyers and New York accountants in respectful attendance. "I rode the only dog sled in Barrow," Ogden reports. "It belonged to a white high school teacher. The natives have turned in their dogs for snowmobiles."

Ralph P. Davidson

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*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices for Ford E-100 and Dodge B-100 models with comparable equipment, plus maximum difference in destination and delivery charges and coolant charges; excludes dealer prep on both which may affect the comparison in some areas.

FORD ECONOLINE VANS

FORD DIVISION



Refugees: The Uncertain Welcome

To the Editors:

It is disillusioning to realize that a majority of the American public never objected to wasting \$150 billion killing off Asians they did not know, in a war they did not understand, but now react violently to spending a few hundred million to save the lives of some of that war's victims. Any amount for death but not one cent for life, right?

Kay Byrne
Charlotte, N.C.

While it is part of our civil religion to aid the hungry and to welcome refugees from all over the world, it is a religion we have practiced selectively. At



REFUGEES IN CALIFORNIA

the end of the second World War we turned back to Stalin's armies many Russian soldiers who had escaped, even when it was clear that they would go to labor camps or to the firing squad. We welcomed the Hungarians. Some of us worked to rescue Chileans endangered by the present right-wing junta. But what would be the reaction on the liberal left if we were asked to receive refugee Afrikaners from a civil war in South Africa?

There may be an element of racism in some popular attitudes toward the South Vietnamese refugees, just as Asians on the West Coast in earlier generations, both Chinese and Japanese, were subject to terrible cruelties. But such attitudes have generally been repressed since the second World War by the almost uniformly antiracist attitude of the enlightened stratum of our society. Yet the Viet Nam agony divided this group, and now this division has allowed hostility toward the South Vietnamese refugees to come to the surface.

The ordinary American is characteristically generous. It is the enlightened, educated American who is more apt to be swayed by abstract ideological considerations: by feelings of disgust toward the war itself, joy in the triumph of the North Vietnamese, and the acceptance of stereotypes about South Vietnamese as the "bad guys," viewed self-righteously as a group rather than as individuals in need.

I can feel no *Schadenfreude* in anyone's victory, anyone's suffering, or in the notion that we can find better people to help. Of the country's capacity to absorb this relatively small number of refugees there is no doubt. Of the country's capacity to recover from its orgy of grievance and self-pity, its striking out blindly at those who remind us of past errors, there is considerably more doubt.

David Riesman
Cambridge, Mass.

Author of *The Lonely Crowd*, Riesman is Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences at Harvard University.

It seems ironic that 54% of the American public opposes helping the South Vietnamese refugees. When white men fled from England during the 1600s, they were "refugees" who fled in fright from the powerful grip of the King and Queen.

Wake up, Americans! My great, great, great Indian grandfathers did not complain or bellyache when they first met the white man at Plymouth Rock.

Don Decker II
San Carlos Apache Tribe
San Carlos, Ariz.

Lift the Boycott?

For too many years Cuba has been under the control of an alien power. Under the direction of the Soviet Union, the Cuban regime has become an instrument of the Kremlin's secret intelligence service, the KGB, for spreading

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the Soviet brand of totalitarianism to other nations of this hemisphere. The regime in Cuba is simply not one of concern to Cubans only, it is of concern to every citizen of this hemisphere because of its intimate links to a hostile foreign power, and because of the ruthless suppression of civil liberties that it seeks to export.

Cuba also provides facilities for the Russian navy that on short notice can be augmented so as to accommodate the Soviets' most modern nuclear-armed submarines.

The sanctions maintained against Cuba by the Organization of American States [May 19] must be retained if the Cuban people are ever to have a chance for freedom. But whether or not they are retained, I shall oppose any attempt by the U.S. to restore formal diplomatic or economic relations with Castro Cuba until Castro Cuba purges itself of the Soviet presence.

James Buckley
U.S. Senator, New York
Washington, D.C.

Foolishness First

Few events can have carried such a clear cosmic message as the recent running of the Kentucky Derby [May 12]. While two horses fought for the lead, a third came up from behind and stole the purse. The two horses intent only on challenging each other for the favorite's position were Avatar and Diabolo. Avatar means a deity. Diabolo means devil. So, while the deity contended with Lucifer, who dashed home first?

Foolish Pleasure. Let that be a happy lesson for us all.

Richard P. Goldwater, M.D.
Cambridge, Mass.

No Indifference

Contrary to your insinuations, Daniel P. Moynihan's "benign neglect" memorandum [May 5] did not recommend indifference to black needs. Why indeed would the author of the Family Assistance Plan, whose main beneficiaries would have been the black poor, have recommended such a policy? Writing in January 1970, Moynihan described the "extraordinary progress" blacks had made in the decade just ended and the various threats to that progress, including the pre-emption of the racial issue by "paranoids . . . on all sides." He urged the President to pay "close attention to such progress" while seeking—and here is where benign neglect came in—to avoid situations, like the one the Chicago police had created in raiding the Black Panthers, "in which extremists of either race are given opportunities for martyrdom . . ."

That Moynihan's memo should have been misrepresented in the overheated political climate of the time is explicable if still reprehensible. But there is surely no reason to go on doing so to-

day when the only purpose served is the wanton undermining of a brilliant public servant.

Norman Podhoretz
Editor, Commentary
New York City

Wrong Message

From Justice Greenfield and Lord Cross [May 12], the message is unfortunately quite clear: "Rapists and frauds fear not. It may be legal to rape and perpetrate fraud (if you do it our way)." Someone ought to inform Lord Cross and Justice Greenfield that women are people.

Jim Dorskind
Ithaca, N.Y.

The Biscuit Award

Much as we appreciate your kindness in publishing a review of *Burke's Presidential Families of USA* (May 5), I feel that some misleading impressions may have been gained by readers from your reviewer's leaden facetiousness.

As a devotee of P.G. Wodehouse, may I say that of all the many failures to achieve a pastiche of the style of the Master, this effort of Mr. Kanfer's must take the jolly old biscuit. The idea of Jeeves as a club waiter serving "gin stengahs" (whatever they may be) is lamentable. For the rest, your reviewer has unfortunately let his anti-limey prejudices get the better of him, and his clichés and mixed metaphors are too dire for comment.

However, for the record: "gules argent" and "bars sinister" are heraldic impossibilities; Nixon is called many other things in the book apart from "controversial"; there are at least twelve Kings in the book (see the "Royal Descents" in the appendices) apart from President Ford's father, so that joke is not so clever; and, above all, our books are scholarly records of social history, not "snob's bibles." If you do not believe this, try reading one—without prejudice. You will be surprised. Indeed, your flabber will never have been so gasted.

Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd
Editorial Director, *Burke's Peerage Ltd.*
London

Your review wallah has gone and pulled a howler. When one has knocked about the federated Malay States for donkeys' years, as one has, one learns that "stengah" means a small whisky and water, nothing more, nothing less. Any chappie askin' for a "gin stengah" at the Yellow Dog in K.L. would be hooted off the verandah before you could say knife.

Richard ("Pinky") Johnson
Singapore

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Latest U.S. Gov't report shows:

Iceberg 100's lowest tar of all menthol 100's.

The only
menthol 100
under 10 mg. tar.



Iceberg 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

AMERICAN NOTES

Not a Prayer

Ever since the Supreme Court declared official prayers in public schools unconstitutional in 1962, some local governments have contrived to circumvent the decision; often they simply defied the law—at least until they were challenged. For years a pro-prayer lobby tried to push through a constitutional amendment to provide for nondenominational or voluntary prayer in the schools. Last week the Connecticut general assembly passed a bill providing for an ultimate in nonsectarian spirituality: henceforth, the assembly decreed, all Connecticut public schools must set aside a moment each day for meditation.

Connecticut's Civil Liberties Union is likely to challenge the meditation period in the courts by arguing that it is actually a prayer period and therefore a violation of the Constitution's strictures against state support of religion. Meditation, of course, is an elusive target for the law. Provided that teachers give no spiritual coaching, no specifically religious words will be uttered, and whatever uplifting activity occurs will take place only in the privacy of the pupils' minds. To that extent, the Connecticut meditation bill may be a massive exercise in wishful thinking.

Connally's Return

It was almost as if John Connally's recent bribery trial was a trifling and unpleasant interlude. Scarcely a month after he was acquitted on charges of accepting a \$10,000 gratuity from the American Milk Producers Inc., Richard Nixon's Treasury Secretary was pushing into the spotlight again, and actually talking, though obliquely, of running for President. Said he: "I'm not going to rule something like that out at this point."

In what was delicately billed as his "first major address since he has resumed speaking out on national and international affairs," Connally spoke at the World Trade Day Luncheon in Manhattan. He took after both Gerald Ford and Congress: "We are a nation tossed around like a cork at sea." When Connally was finished, the entire audience was on its feet applauding.

In an interview Connally later observed: "Ford hasn't much of a record yet. This country lacks direction; we've got no energy plan, no economic policy worthy of the name."

Connally acts now like a wildcatting

candidate. He says that he is investigating his indictment to prove that it was engineered by his political enemies. Though he has no power base (he switched in 1973 from Democrat to Republican), he has talent and savvy to offer to any takers in an unpredictable election. He hinted that he might try as a third-party independent—"No single party has all the answers," he said—but his most plausible shot seems to be a challenge to Ford for the nomination if the G.O.P. grows restive. In any case, Connally was behaving like the most aggressively innocent man in America.

More Truth in Advertising

Advertising is a world halfway between Disney and Dante. White Knights gallop through suburbia, housewives are absolved for ring around the collar, and stars and cowboys blissfully pull on their weeds, oblivious to the Surgeon General's little *memento mori* in the corner—"dangerous to your health." The Federal Trade Commission, which has long labored to deflate the more extravagant pitches, last week published proposed guidelines to ensure that any celebrity shilling a product actually uses the thing if he or she claims to do so.

Everyone immediately thought of Joe Namath and his ad for Beauty Mist pantyhose, as if the guidelines would require him to wear them for at least one game a month. Not so. For Namath, of course, does not claim to use them but only, by implication, to admire them. Broadway Joe does use the Hamilton-Beach popcorn popper, the La-Z-Boy reclining chair, the Arrow shirts and other items that he conspicuously consumes on television.

The TV and radio networks, in fact, require that celebrities have at least some allegiance to the products that they claim to enjoy. So have many ad agencies. Jerry Della Femina, who handles the Teacher's Scotch account, dealt pragmatically with the problem. When Groucho Marx, Jimmy Breslin, Mel Brooks, Tommy Smothers, et al., agreed to appear in Teacher's ads, his agency started sending them two cases of Scotch a month. And it takes no suspension of disbelief to credit Whitey Ford and Mickey Mantle with downing a great deal of Lite Beer.

The real question is: Does anyone care? The hype of advertising works on such a different plane from conventional truth that it is a form of American Dada. It is edifying, perhaps, but hardly necessary that it be literally honest.



A Buoyant President Heads for Europe

Facing a quick-stop itinerary that would daunt the most energetic traveler and a full agenda that would challenge even Henry Kissinger's stamina, Gerald Ford this week begins one of the most significant journeys of his presidency. He will spend seven days in Europe, the area of highest foreign policy priority, which has been getting surprisingly low-level attention from the U.S. It will be Ford's first trip there as President, and he regards his European debut as a crucially important opportunity to reassure Western leaders that they can count on the U.S. to come to Europe's defense, despite U.S. losses in Indochina. Moreover, foreign leaders will be closely sizing up Ford as a man to see if this unelected President conveys an impression of strength, wisdom, reliability and leadership.

Accompanied by Wife Betty, Ford will stop first in Brussels, where he will attend a NATO summit meeting on Thursday and Friday. Afterward, he will spend two days talking with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Salzburg. He will also make a brief side trip to Madrid. Ford's European travels will end on June 3 after a ten-hour stopover in Rome to pay courtesy calls on President Giovanni Leone, Premier Mariano Rumor and Pope Paul VI. Traveling with Ford will be Kissinger, who last week spent five days in Europe setting the stage for the presidential diplomacy. Kissinger visited Ankara, Bonn, West Berlin and Vienna, where he talked for eleven hours with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko.

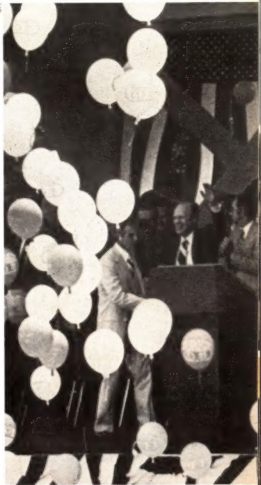
Heady Aftermath. Ford's trip comes at a time when he is still feeling the heady aftermath of public acclaim in the U.S. for the way in which he directed the military action that rescued the U.S. merchant ship *Mayaguez* from the Cambodians. He made no mention of the incident during a speech at a Bicentennial celebration in Charlotte, N.C. But when members of the North Carolina congressional delegation praised the rescue, the keyed-up crowd of more than 50,000 cheered and whistled. Ford was also buoyed by the growing belief among liberals in Congress that in the aftermath of Indochina's collapse, they must strengthen Ford's hand by supporting his foreign policy.

Still, he tried to leave nothing to chance last week as he schooled himself in the problems of diplomacy, defense and détente that will dominate the NATO conference. Between appointments and before dropping off to sleep at night, he pored over thick, looseleaf briefing books, scribbling questions in the margins with a felt-tipped pen, asking for more information from the National Security Council staff.

During the conference's formal sessions, Ford and the European heads of state will discuss a variety of mutual concerns. Among them are U.S. negotiations with the Soviet Union to limit nuclear arms, European talks with the Soviets to reduce troop levels along the Iron Curtain, and the Soviet desire for a conference of 35 nations this fall to ratify European borders as established by World War II. But two items at the top of Ford's list of priorities will not even appear on the formal agenda: the dispute between Greece and Turkey over Cyprus, and the threat of a Communist takeover in Portugal. Those delicate subjects will be explored in private talks between Ford and individual leaders at U.S. Ambassador Leonard Firestone's elegant residence.

Verge of War. Ford had reason to hope that he might be able to break the diplomatic deadlock on Cyprus. The Greeks seem willing to partition the island permanently, as demanded by Turkey, but insist on recovering much of the land seized by the Turkish invasion force in 1974. The land was once occupied by 200,000 Greek Cypriots, who are now homeless refugees. The dispute has kept both countries on the verge of war for nearly a year.

Last week Ford gained some leverage from the Senate that he can use to help negotiate an easing of the crisis. The Senators voted to renew arms shipments to Turkey that were suspended in February because the Turks had used American-supplied weapons in their invasion. The vote was narrow—41 to 40—but White House aides said that they could have gained at least ten additional votes, if needed, from Senators who were reluctant to cast them for fear of of-



... AND A WELCOMING SEA OF BALLOONS



CROWDS GREETING FORD IN NORTH CAROLINA...

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Courting Bear Hugs and Invitations

Washington is becoming Gerald Ford's town.

The city has not belonged to a President since 1966, when L.B.J. lost it over Viet Nam. But last week the capital cared what Ford did and said, and where he went and who was there.

One of the subtle but important dimensions of governing is to capture the rapt attention of Washington—an organism that can discourage and thwart presidential ambitions, or encourage and help them. Nixon could have reigned had he wanted to. But Nixon considered Washington his enemy. When he needed help the city did not want him. Ford was Nixon's man, and at first was given only the cool rites of official protocol and power. Now, he is becoming something on his own.

Ford's new presence has been built on many things—his big smile, his astonishing honesty and openness, the realization by many that his pardon of Nixon may have been more right than wrong (because it helped refocus the nation's attention on other problems), his program on the economy, which has forced the hostile Congress to move, his energy program, and his quick and successful response to the *Mayaguez* hijacking. Whether he has been right or wrong in his decisions is not so important as the fact he has been there, the prime actor in all these dramas.

Such acceptance is a fragile thing, of course, easily swept away in the morning mists by the caprices of Arabs or Asians or even one of the Capitol Hill dragons, like Mississippi Senator James Eastland. But right now Ford has pre-empted Georgetown dinner talk, set covetous social climbers to plotting White House entries, and made Congressmen and influence peddlers worry about what is on his mind.

"I got bear-hugged by the President," beamed Jack Valenti last week. Valenti, now the head of the Motion Picture Association of America, used to experience such cordial acts all the time, when he was Johnson's confidant. After his White House days, such moments did not occur that often, and Valenti might have run the other way had he seen Nixon headed toward him. But when Ford traveled across Lafayette Park to see Candice Bergen in a picture about Teddy Roosevelt's days called *The Wind and the Lion*, Valenti's beaming puss was captured for the morning readers right alongside Ford's. "It was just great," he said.

Robin West was a young man who fled the Nixon White House in horror when he saw what was happening. He ran unsuccessfully for Congress back in Pennsylvania and then was asked back to the White House under Gerald Ford. "Why in hell would you want to work for Jerry Ford?" he was asked at dinner last fall. Now he does not need to explain. "It must be fun," a friend told him the other night.

The *Washington Post* played the formal white-tie dinner for the Shah of Iran as if Jackie Kennedy had given it. Even Reporter Sally Quinn, late of CBS and a kind of Catherine the Great of the *Post* newsroom, took enthusiastic notice in a lengthy and detailed article on the Shah's interlude in Ford's Washington. And one White House aide said with some pride that "the power brokers damned near broke down the White House door trying to get invitations to the Ford dinner."

Ski clothing manufacturers claim that sales are up because of Ford's well-publicized skiing interest. Pipe and tobacco dealers have visibly benefited. The old-fashioned martini is again an honorable drink after the long, dark season of the daiquiri (Kennedy), low-calorie root beer (Johnson) and skimmed milk (Nixon).

Ford's office is inundated by requests for appearances anywhere and everywhere. Congressmen plead and threaten for audiences. And in the mail the other day came a dispatch from Oriana Fallaci, the Italian journalist who has performed verbal lobotomies on many of the world's great men, the newswoman who warmly coaxed Henry Kissinger into describing himself as a kind of diplomatic Lone Ranger. Oriana Fallaci has found a place in her crowded schedule to request an interview with Jerry Ford.

fending constituents of Greek descent. In his meetings with Turkish Premier Süleyman Demirel, Ford will probably argue that only a more conciliatory attitude on Turkey's part can overcome House opposition to the bill. Ford will also discuss the Cyprus crisis with Greek Premier Constantine Caramanlis, who agreed to attend the NATO summit only because he believes that Ford can get the negotiations with Turkey moving.

U.S. pressure seemed less likely to alleviate the Portuguese problem. Ford has become so concerned about the growing Communist strength in the country that he has decided to ask the NATO leaders to consider drumming Portugal out of the alliance. He explained in Washington: "I don't see how you can have a Communist element significant in an organization that was formed for the purpose of meeting a challenge by Communist elements."

Only Policy. Even so, at a private meeting in Brussels with left-leaning Premier Vasco Gonçalves, Ford planned to promise continued U.S. economic assistance to Portugal's moderate leftists. In addition, he will encourage other European leaders to supply all possible aid to Gonçalves' leftist coalition government in an effort to bolster the Socialists, Popular Democrats and other non-Communist leftists who won nearly 70% of the vote in the recent election. The Administration was pessimistic that U.S. and European support of the moderates will block the growing Communist control of the press and trade unions (see THE WORLD). Still, as a U.S. pol-

KISSINGER TALKING WITH GROMYKO AT THE



icymaker noted, "it's the only policy that's feasible."

To further dramatize U.S. concern about Europe's shaky southern tier, Ford will spend Saturday in Madrid discussing U.S.-European relations with Generalissimo Francisco Franco and Premier Carlos Arias Navarro. From Spain, Ford will fly to Salzburg to talk with Sadat in hopes of finding a new approach to negotiating peace in the Middle East. Sadat has ruled out a resumption of Secretary of State Kissinger's step-by-step diplomacy. As a result, said a White House aide, "we have to find an alternative. The most dangerous alternative is to do nothing—and that we can't afford." Ford and Sadat also will discuss the Soviet demand that the Geneva peace talks be reconvened. To ease Arab apprehensions in advance of the meeting, Ford said last week that he would "in effect rule out" the use of military force in the event of another Arab oil embargo. The President will meet later in June with Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin in Washington.

Too Much Force. To an extent, Ford should be aided in his personal diplomacy by his firmness in dispatching Marines and U.S. fighter-bombers to force Cambodia to give up the *Mayaguez* and its crew. Some Europeans believe that he used too much force. But White House aides thought that the rescue operation, at the very least, demonstrated to allied leaders Ford's ability to act swiftly and decisively.

The popularity of the rescue remained high in the U.S. despite news

that U.S. casualties were about twice as high as had originally been announced. The final count was 15 dead, three missing and presumed dead, and 50 wounded. The Air Force also disclosed that 23 U.S. airmen who were on their way to join the rescue force were killed when their helicopter crashed in Thailand.

Soviet Signal. There was a growing belief among Democrats in Congress that for a time they must back the Administration's diplomatic and military policies to keep the Communists from misinterpreting congressional opposition as a sign of American weakness. Explained Liberal Democratic Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota: "It's very important to signal the Soviets that we're not moving into an isolationist period."

The new bipartisanship was reflected in House votes for heavy defense spending. The House authorized \$26.5 billion for research, development and purchase of new military weapons in fiscal 1976, up 27% from the spending for the current fiscal year and only modestly lower than Ford's original request. Congressmen also overwhelmingly rejected a proposed 70,000-man reduction in the 416,500 U.S. troops stationed overseas. Said Illinois Democratic Representative Abner Mikva: "I'd love to get our troops out of South Korea, but not this year. This year I'm afraid it would be perceived by the North Koreans as an open invitation to attack." Added his Illinois colleague, Democrat Sidney Yates: "This is no time to reduce troops, not with the Middle East in turmoil and Cyprus unresolved."

The congressional support should alleviate Europeans' fears that the Communist conquest of Indochina left the U.S. divided over the fundamentals of its foreign policy. As Ford told a group of foreign journalists last week, "the American people are getting out from under the trauma" of Viet Nam and are resisting any tendency to drift into isolationism. Thus the President will leave for Europe with more than enough evidence to argue persuasively that the U.S. is indeed able and willing to stand behind its basic commitments.

Israel's Senate Majority

On the eve of President Ford's meeting in Salzburg with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, 76 U.S. Senators—25 Republicans and 51 Democrats—last week staunchly sided with the Israelis. The Senators sent the President an open letter in effect urging that the Administration not significantly reduce military and economic aid to the Jewish state. Noting that Ford's foreign aid requests for fiscal 1976 would soon reach Congress, the letter said: "We trust that your recommendations will be responsive to Israel's urgent military and economic needs." Jerusalem has requested nearly \$2.5 billion in aid, about three times what it received in fiscal 1975. The Senators also asked Ford to adhere to U.S.



SCHWEIKER, JAVITS & BAYH DISCUSSING LETTER Undercutting talk of weakening support.

policy since 1967 that the Arab-Israeli conflict "be settled on the basis of secure and recognized boundaries that are defensible and direct negotiations between the nations involved."

The letter was drafted by 19 Senators, including Democrat Birch Bayh of Indiana and Republicans Jacob Javits of New York and Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania. But South Dakota Democrat George McGovern, another signer, warned that it would be foolish for Israel to conclude that the message supported Israeli occupation of Arab territories. Still, the letter undercut Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's assertions to the Israelis that congressional support for them was waning.

Double-Edged. Among the 23 Senators—mostly Republicans and Southern Democrats—who refused to sign was Illinois Republican Charles Percy. He has been strongly criticized by some leaders among his fairly large Jewish constituency for drifting away from his previous steadfast support of Israel. Explained Percy: "I do not believe that an expression of concern for the interests of only one party to the conflict is adequate at a time when American good will toward all the parties is required in order to facilitate a fair and equitable settlement."

The Senators' letter deeply disturbed Arabs, many of whom argued that it would undermine the effectiveness of the U.S. as a mediator in the Middle East. The Israelis were naturally delighted, but the letter could turn out to be double-edged. Although it confirmed Israel's almost mystical belief in rockbed U.S. support, that confirmation could prove to be too emphatic. Kissinger may resent this tactic as a not-very-subtle personal rebuff. Sadat is likely to be dismayed at such overwhelming support of his foe. If so, Ford's talks with him may prove to be difficult indeed.

SOVIET EMBASSY IN VIENNA



THE CIA

The Kennedy Connection

One of the most often cited admirable acts of John Kennedy's presidency was the manly way he faced up to the humiliating rout of the CIA-backed troops that invaded Cuba at the Bay of Pigs in 1961. Offering no excuses, he took personal blame for the disaster even though he had inherited the plan from the Eisenhower Administration. But TIME has been told by credible sources that Kennedy did not accept the defeat all that gracefully. In anger, he and his brother Robert, then Attorney General, covertly ordered agencies of the U.S. Government to find some sure means of deposing Fidel Castro, Cuba's chief of state.

Whether or not assassination attempts against Castro were authorized by the Kennedys is still unclear. But they did send word to the CIA, at least, that he must be knocked out of power by

the minutes of a 1962 meeting attended by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, CIA Director John McCone and National Security Adviser McGeorge Bundy at which the possible assassination of Castro was discussed. Although the possibility was said to have been dismissed, a memo written two days later by an assistant to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara asked the CIA to prepare contingency plans for killing Castro. It too reportedly was quickly rescinded.

After hearing testimony last week from the present CIA director, William Colby, Church said that "there were surprises... there was information that had not surfaced before." The Senator added that Colby had testified "to activity that he himself considered outside the law." Colby and his predecessors at CIA, including McCone, Richard Helms and James Schlesinger, have all publicly denied that the CIA had ever murdered a foreign head of state, but have not explicitly denied

or could have been part of a retaliatory attack on Kennedy for the U.S. efforts to kill Castro. The significance of the Kennedy connection to anti-Castro plots is not that it strengthens the many Oswald conspiracy theories, but that it tends to knock down the notion that the CIA was operating wildly beyond presidential control in scheming against foreign leaders.

THE CONGRESS

Copping Out on Energy

With the commitment of a crusader, Democratic Congressman Al Ullman spent months trying to produce an energy policy that would reduce U.S. consumption and make the nation less vulnerable to another Arab oil boycott or price boost. As Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, he devoted day after day to hearings and markup sessions on a tough bill that would have raised the tax on gasoline to as much as 40¢ per gal. in stages by 1979, imposed a windfall-profits tax on the oil companies, put a tax on autos with poor mileage and set oil-import quotas.

Ullman's bill never stood a chance in the rambunctious 94th Congress. Bit by bit, all the tough provisions were softened in committee until the final bill resembled what White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen called a "marshmallow." Liberals objected to the gasoline tax. Representatives from oil states did not like the windfall-profits tax. New Englanders protested the import quotas. Congressmen with ties to the auto companies and the United Auto Workers reduced the tax on big cars. Ullman's bill faced at least 100 amendments. Giving up, the House leadership put off consideration of the measure until Congress returns from recess on June 2. But even then no bill is assured.

No Problem. The withdrawal of the bill was a humiliating setback for the conscientious Ullman, who hoped to gain the stature of his Ways and Means predecessor Wilbur Mills. Yet the defeat was less a reflection on Ullman's legislative craft than on the condition of Congress, and for that matter, of the country. Said an Ullman aide: "The problem is persuading people that there is a problem. For a lot of people, we're adding a tax to no problem." Yet the U.S. continues to buy huge quantities of oil from the Middle East, remaining perilously dependent on that unpredictable part of the world.

Congressional confusion allows the President to take the lead, and Ford is willing to do so. Last week he vetoed a bill to regulate the strip mining of coal, arguing that the restrictions arrived at to protect the environment would be too costly for consumers and reduce coal production. Though the bill had passed the House May 7 by a 293-to-115 margin, the Democratic leaders put off until



ROBERT & JACK KENNEDY AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1962

Knocking down the notion that the CIA was out of control.

any means the agency could devise. Two obvious possibilities: fomenting political upheaval or plotting an assassination. Similarly, the State Department and possibly the FBI and the Pentagon were told that ways should be found to get rid of Castro. The CIA did work with two U.S. Mafia leaders, Sam Giancana and John Roselli, in unsuccessful attempts to kill the Cuban leader.

Possible Assassination. It is still unclear just how deeply the Kennedy connection is being investigated by the two groups that are probing the CIA: the Senate Intelligence Operations Committee chaired by Senator Frank Church and the commission headed by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. According to the Associated Press, the Rockefeller commission has acquired

that any such attempts had been made. Asked about Colby's testimony, a visibly angry Church said that "it is simply intolerable that any agency of the Government of the United States may engage in murder." The implication was that Colby had conceded that assassinations had been at least discussed within the CIA. But how high in Government had such plans been considered? Replied Church: "We're exploring this aspect with great particularity."

If the committees do link the Kennedy brothers with the plots against Castro's life, as TIME sources have done, this may add impetus to demands for a renewed investigation of President Kennedy's death. No investigation has established that Lee Harvey Oswald had been in touch with any Cuban leaders



WAYS & MEANS CHAIRMAN ULLMAN
Setback for a conscientious man.

June 10 attempts to override it. As of last week they clearly did not have the two-thirds majority needed to break the veto. "We may back into an energy policy," says Barber Conable, a New York Republican member of Ways and Means. "By the Democrats' failing to block the President, we may get a partial policy."

Doing Nothing. Ford intends to plunge ahead with his own program. He is expected to increase the tariff on foreign oil by \$1 per bbl. on top of the \$1 boost that he ordered last February. He also might start phasing out price controls on domestic oil. By several reliable estimates, decontrol would add \$250 a year to the average American family's energy bill. But the two measures would also stimulate oil exploration, which is lagging in the U.S., and probably reduce consumption by 1.5 million bbl. a day by mid-1977.

By a two-thirds vote, Congress can prevent the President from raising the oil tariff. By a simple majority, it can stop Ford's deregulation of prices. But that would be politically hazardous. Democrats would look bad if they frustrated the President after doing nothing themselves. Besides, there might be some political profit in letting the President take the heat for his own program if it turns out to be highly unpopular.

Despite the congressional performance to date, Ullman remains confident that the Democrats will eventually pass a significant energy-conservation bill. Says he: "If we don't, we're in real trouble as a Congress and as a Democratic Party. The problem is the drift I'm trying to convince the members that they will be in more trouble politically if they do nothing than if they have to explain something tough."

THE CABINET

Heat on Hathaway

The Secretary of the Interior is in effect the nation's land lord, the overseer of the 540 million acres that the Government holds in trust for the people. The post has become increasingly important as environment and energy have grown into major and often conflicting American concerns. It is the Interior Secretary who decides how to develop federal resources with the least ecological damage—especially the needed oil, coal and shale-oil reserves on public lands. President Gerald Ford recently picked a new Secretary: Stanley K. Hathaway, 50, the former Republican Governor of Wyoming, who immediately ran into so much flak that he must have thought he was back in World War II, when he served on a B-17 bomber.

During a month-long marathon, Hathaway was repeatedly grilled by the Senate Interior Committee. Even when he was finally approved last week in a 9-to-4 vote, questions lingered about whether he was the right man for the job.

Ford chose him for sound, practical reasons. The post traditionally goes to a Westerner. Hathaway was born on a homestead, worked his way up to become first a successful lawyer and then the most popular governor in Wyoming's history. He is also conservative enough to help mend Ford's political fences with the G.O.P.'s right wing. Beyond that, Hathaway, though somewhat stolid, is a proven administrator capable of running a 56,000-person department.

Hathaway's problem was that in his two terms as Wyoming's Governor, he too often neglected environmental problems. Instead he concentrated on boosting the state's economy and creating new jobs by developing its vast natural resources. He encouraged oil drillers, leased coal-mining rights to an additional 1.2 million acres of state-owned land and did his best to supply the new energy industries with scarce water supplies.

Headless Growth. Wyoming prospered—but at a price. Crash industrial development has produced heedless, disorderly growth in such once quiet towns as Rock Springs and Gillette. Poorly controlled strip mining for coal threatens to ravage the ranch lands in the Powder River Basin. Hathaway also condoned the killing of golden eagles and favored building a jetport in Grand Teton National Park. Neither is a happy precedent, since the Interior Secretary is responsible for protecting U.S. wildlife and the national parks. Some 20 environmental groups were aghast at this record and immediately protested Hathaway's Cabinet nomination.

The committee seemed willing to forget the past—the man could, after all, change in the job—until the environ-

THE NATION

mentalists found a serious flaw in Hathaway's case. His backers had widely distributed to Congress and the press a document listing the Governor's environmental accomplishments back home. Embarrassingly, of 23 such "achievements," the private Environmental Defense Fund discovered that most had either been forced on Wyoming by the Federal Government or were actually designed to weaken existing laws. Supporters of Hathaway also claimed that 49 Governors backed his nomination; under scrutiny, only 35 such endorsements turned up.

Serious Handicap. After being thus misled, the Senators probed more deeply into issues on which the next Interior Secretary would have to take a stand. In case after case, Hathaway committed himself to proenvironment positions, including some that ran counter to Ford Administration policies. He endorsed, for instance, environmental safeguards that would surely delay Ford's timetable for quick development of offshore oil reserves. He favored a national land-use bill that the President has called too costly. Most startlingly, Hathaway pledged to follow "the intent" of the strip-mining bill that Ford vetoed last week; even if the veto stands, he explained, "I would come as close to the [bill's] tough environmental standards as I could" when the Interior Department writes new leases with coal companies.

Hathaway's concessions swayed the Interior Committee; its support virtually guarantees his confirmation by the full Senate in June. But he will start his job with a serious handicap: environmentalists are sure to keep a skeptical eye on Hathaway, ready to pounce on him if he makes a wrong move.

SECRETARY-DESIGNATE AT HEARINGS



ALASKA

Rush for Riches on the Great Pipeline

"Economically, right now Alaska is the most exciting place to be in the world."

—Neil Bergt, president of Alaska International Industries

"I can't imagine a worse place in the world to be than Fairbanks this summer."

—Lewis J. Gibson, Fairbanks police captain

"Is business good? Wow, fantastic! Just great!"

—Gari Andreani, Anchorage stockbroker

"I came to get away from California. I just hope California living doesn't chase me up here."

—Jeff Graham, Alaskan trapper and fisherman

Every day the outlanders come streaming in: lean, ambling riggers from Texas and California, husky bulldozer operators, stubble-bearded, pinch-eyed welders from Chicago and Bartlesville, Okla., geologists from "back East," college students out for adventure, and a smattering of whores, high-rollers and assorted hangers-on from all over. They come by jets screaming in from Houston and New Orleans, or in mud-covered Winnebago trailers swaying up the Alaska Highway. They come in ancient station wagons, the kids frisking in back, the husband hunched over the wheel and the exhausted wife dozing fitfully in the front seat. They are the latest breed to head for Alaska with the burning desire to strike it rich. Their aim is to work on—or feed off—Alaska's vast oilfields and its great new pipeline. Many will never get jobs, but some who do will make \$6,000 or more a month.

Win and Lose. After years of delays, work is finally surging ahead this month on the 798-mile steel boa that will stretch from the wells at Prudhoe Bay to the deep-water port of Valdez (pronounced Val-deez), where block-long tankers will be loaded for the trip to West Coast refineries. Already, 12,000 men and women are on the job building, excavating and servicing, and by midsummer the number will swell to 20,000 as the pipeline contractors drive to make their target date of mid-1977. The spongy, oil-soaked strata nearly two miles beneath the tundra at Prudhoe Bay contains an estimated 9.6 billion barrels of oil, by far the largest deposit in the U.S. Initially, the pipeline will carry 1.2 million bbl. per day, an

amount equal to one-fifth of the nation's current oil imports. If other fields in the inhospitable area can be brought into production as expected, the capacity will eventually rise to 2 million bbl. daily.

For Alaska, which has more than twice as much land as Texas but fewer residents (340,000) than Toledo, the pipeline will change practically everything. By 1980 oil royalties and taxes are expected to hit \$1 billion a year or twice as much as the state's current budget. Most important, the pipeline will give Alaska a chance, at long last, to escape

"You can't live here and ignore the pipeline," says Tom Gibboney, managing editor of the Anchorage *News*. "It touches everybody at all levels. It leaves no one alone."

Dangers and Comforts. The project that is opening up the last frontier is the kind of technological challenge on an Olympian scale that Americans love to tackle. It is the latest in a long line of engineering marvels that include the building of the transcontinental railroad and rocketing man to the moon. The oil companies estimate the pipeline's cost at \$6 billion, making it the most expensive project ever undertaken by private industry. It is also one of the most ambitious and dangerous.

From sea level at Prudhoe Bay, the pipeline will climb 4,800 ft., crossing the Brooks Range, then go on to span 34 major rivers and streams and finally pass through the Alaska Range at 3,500 ft. before descending to Valdez.

Workers must struggle in the summer against swarms of blood-sucking flies and voracious mosquitoes and most of the rest of the year against ice, bitter cold and the danger of "white-outs"—disorienting, blinding swirls of wind-whipped snow. Even in April, when the photographs in TIME's accompanying color pages were taken, workers had to bundle up in face masks and thermal underwear. In mid-winter, temperatures can plunge to -70° F.; tires flatten and stick to the ground, and engines must be kept running 24 hours a day to avoid freezing up. Exposed to the wind, a man's face can turn white with frostbite in the matter of seconds. A careless rigger who touches a pipe with his bare hand loses a patch of skin.

The cold increases all the dangers of life on the oil rigs or the pipeline. Broken arms and legs are commonplace. At one well, Bo Gritman from Riverton, Wyo., holds up his left hand. The tops of the third and fourth fingers have been severed at the first joint. Although his injury did not occur at Prudhoe Bay, Gritman says, "Lots of that around." Altogether, at least 44 persons have died so far in pipeline-related accidents. The oilmen tell of the bulldozer driver who ran out of fuel and tried to walk back to camp. He was found frozen to death the next morning, 100 yds. short of his goal.

Because the pipeline project was too



WORKER PREPARING PIPE SEGMENT FOR JOINING
Social bumps in the economic surge.

from its status as an underdeveloped, impecunious ward of the Federal Government. The state's optimists predict that employment will double in five years.

While the oil surge is an economic bonanza, many Alaskans argue that it is also an environmental and social disaster. Says Republican Governor Jay S. Hammond, a former bush guide: "We can't preserve Alaska as we know it, we're going to have to lose some freedoms and qualities of life here." The boom is bringing to the last frontier urban blight, soaring prices, traffic jams, housing shortages and short tempers



Like a compass needle pointing north toward the treasure of oil, the great pipeline cuts through the wilderness along a newly built access road near Valdez. Right: Faces of the rugged workers who have come to Alaska to strike it rich.

Photographs for TIME by Steve Somby



Clockwise, starting at upper left: Oil rig burning off gas in the Cook Inlet. The Chugach Mountains towering over the boom city of Anchorage, Alaska's largest. Mammoth drill





*standing poised to gouge out holes for supports of the pipeline
Oilmen line up at hiring hall to seek jobs. Workers arriving back in
Valdez after taking rest and recreation in "the outside"*





Top: Lonely worker trudging toward rig on the North Slope as darkness falls. Upper left: Oilmen having a night on the town in Fairbanks. Right: Teamster Kathleen Cotton wrestling with 17,000-lb. pipe section. Below: Heavy-duty truck beginning the long dangerous haul of supplies from Valdez to the Arctic.



big and tough for any single firm, eight oil companies" formed a consortium to tackle the job. Taking its name from the Aleutian word for Alaska, which means "the great land," the Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. is building segments of the pipeline simultaneously all along the route. Strung out like frontier forts in the wilderness are 19 work camps, each housing 200 to 1,600 persons.

To ease the job's strains, the facilities have all the comforts of home and then some. The poshest by far is the \$21 million pleasure dome that British Petroleum built on the barren wastes at Prudhoe Bay, where the nearest town is Barrow, 150 miles away. Known to workers as the "BP Hilton," it houses about 140 people who share two-man (or two-woman) suites, each of which has its own bath. The complex is an interior decorator's marvel of muted shades of green, blue and gray, wall-to-wall carpeting, Eames chairs and leather and chrome couches. Workers can listen to music or news on a built-in radio system in their rooms, watch television or movies in the lounge, work out in the well-equipped gym, swim in a heated pool—or eat.

Not all of the camps are so luxurious, but in all the food is inexhaust-

"They're treated just like everyone else. I walk down the halls in my shorts. If they don't like it, too bad. Most of us are family men. If one guy starts giving a woman a hard time, there are twelve others ready to knock him down. We sort of watch out for them."

To avoid stirring up problems, Alyeska almost never shows an X-rated film. But earlier this year word went out from the Chandalar Camp, north of the Yukon, that the evening's program was *Deep Throat*. Men flocked in from 45 miles around—and were treated to Walt Disney's *Bambi*. Of course, it was April Fool's Day.

For all the inherent tensions of group living, often in desolate isolation, life in the camps is relatively calm. The workers are usually too tired to cause much trouble after putting in ten, eleven and twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for up to nine weeks at a stretch, often in bitter weather.

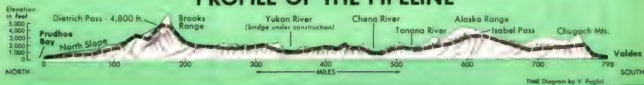
Like Marines coming out of combat, the pipeline and oilfield workers are allowed two weeks of "rest and recreation" following a long stretch. Employees usually try to get as far away as they can. The bachelors often fly off on special excursions to Hawaii, but the married men head south to their families

in Anchorage, 930 miles away. "My friends said I was crazy, coming up here with all these men," she says. "I must admit my husband was somewhat apprehensive about that too. He told me, 'You know what people are going to say, don't you? That we are having trouble with our marriage.'" Mrs. Bonomo is willing to put up with the talk and the separation because she is there to earn enough to put her children through college.

► Lewis Paske, 38, a powerfully built Montanan, drives a rig loaded with 96,000 pounds of supplies twice a week from Fairbanks to Prudhoe Bay—501 miles away. Known as the "Kamikaze Trail," the gravel road winds through the mountains, skirting precipices and diving down into valleys. Says Paske: "It'll knock your guts out. A man would have to be a damn fool to ride that road if he didn't have to." Paske drives the road to earn money for his wife and two sons back in Missoula. Now that he is grossing about \$1,500 a week, he says, "maybe I'll bring the family and stay here. It looks like pretty good country."

► Gus Frank, 19, left New Jersey at the instigation of his father George, 47, a specialized electrician at Prudhoe Bay who grosses \$1,700 for a 70-hr

PROFILE OF THE PIPELINE



ible and the kitchens are open 24 hours a day. Steak is served three or four times a week, and there are always two choices of meat for dinner and lunch. At one camp workers can snack on as many as seven kinds of pie, unlimited quantities of ice cream and toppings, and cream puffs only slightly smaller than catcher's mitts. Many workers consume 5,000 calories a day or more. There is an epidemic of potbellies in the camps.

Money Lure. Drugs and guns are strictly banned in the camps, but a similar prohibition on liquor is winked at. "If you don't think there's drinking, forget it," says Don Butler, the manager of one camp. "But if a man becomes a problem or makes an ass of himself, he'll be run off. I've never had to run a man off yet for drinking."

In this man's world, the scattering of women workers has caused surprisingly few problems, although their bedrooms are sometimes side by side with the men's. Most of the women quickly become attached to one man or none at all. "The women aren't permissive up here," says George Thompson, 38, an electrician at the BP construction camp.

► Amerasia Hess, Atlantic Richfield, British Petroleum, Exxon, Mobil, Phillips, Sohio and Union

Says a bargirl in Fairbanks: "They may stop for a few drinks while they're waiting for their plane, but then, bam! They're gone. They do the 'Texas shuffle'—home to Mama."

Usually they come back, lured by the big money. By agreeing not to strike, the powerful Teamsters and other unions won fat contracts that allow workers to put in as many as 84 hours a week, with everything over 40 hours counted as time-and-a-half or double-time. Some of the startling paychecks being earned on the project:

Job	hourly rate	gross for an 84-hour week
Camp Handyman	\$8.87	\$940
Oil Rig Laborer	9.40	996
Rig Mechanic	11.00	1,166
Journeyman Welder	14.20	1,505

With money like this to be earned, a wide variety of Americans are leaving home to work on the pipeline. A sampling:

► Beverly Bonomo, 43, grosses about \$1,000 a week by painting serial numbers on pipe sections at Prudhoe Bay. Her husband and four children are back

in Anchorage. "My friends said I was crazy, coming up here with all these men," she says. "I must admit my husband was somewhat apprehensive about that too. He told me, 'You know what people are going to say, don't you? That we are having trouble with our marriage.'" Mrs. Bonomo is willing to put up with the talk and the separation because she is there to earn enough to put her children through college.

The pipeline that these workers are building gives Alaska a new chance to escape its heritage of boom or bust—mostly bust. With its vast area, harsh climate and rugged terrain, Alaska has defied systematic development ever since Secretary of State William Seward shrewdly bought it in 1867 from Russia for \$7.2 million or about 2¢ an acre. Outsiders came to the territory like raiders, first to hunt seals, then to pan for gold, then to fish for salmon—and when those ventures petered out, they cut and ran. Historically, the only reliable employer has been the Government, which has a huge military establishment. This year the Government will spend an estimated \$1.03 billion in Alaska. Government and military families account for 33% of Alaska's payroll and 25% of its population.

With no solid economic base, the state often has an unemployment rate

THE NATION

double that of the rest of the nation. Because it has to import 90% of its food and nearly all of its manufactured goods, prices are sky high. With little to tax, it has not been able to raise the sums to take care of its own social problems.

Golden Goose. But when Alaska gained statehood in 1959, it was given a special present: the right to select 103 million acres from the 275 million owned by the Government. As part of its choice, the new state picked 2 million acres on the North Slope that descend to the Beaufort Sea from the Brooks Range. For decades the Eskimos had been using oil seepages in the region for fuel to boil down blubber. Atlantic Richfield and British Petroleum had bought some leases from Alaska for as low as \$6 an acre and began to search for oil in 1963. By 1968, BP had spent more than \$30 million on dry wells and had decided to quit. Atlantic Richfield had spent \$125 million, then decided to try one more time. On Feb. 18, 1968, the company's crew stood shivering on the rig in temperatures of -45°F .—and made the big strike. The oil rush was on. The state then sold oil and gas leases for 451,000 acres on the North Slope to 19 companies for over \$900 million.

Unexpectedly, some environmental groups got the courts to block construc-

tion of the pipeline for five years, arguing that the project would forever disrupt the ecology of Alaska. In late 1973 Congress passed a bill authorizing construction, which began in April 1974. Inflation and changes made in the system to protect the environment grossly raised the cost from the original estimate of \$900 million.

Under a complex formula, the more the pipeline costs the less the state will get in royalties and taxes. If the price stays at the currently projected \$6 billion, Alaska could earn its \$500 million in the first year of operation. The annual take could rise to \$1 billion two years later and then gradually decrease until 30 years from now, when the Prudhoe Bay field is expected to be sucked dry. All of these projections would be somewhat reduced if construction costs soar still higher, and Alyeska is now running about 10% over its budget.

Alaska needs every cent it can get from the pipeline and the sooner the better. The original \$900 million windfall received from the oil leases, plus \$268 million in interest, is now down to \$520 million; the rest was swallowed up by rising costs of education, transportation and the salaries of a rapidly swelling state bureaucracy. As they struggle with social problems that have been made

much worse by the pipeline, Alaska officials fear that the state will be in the red next March, at least 16 months before the project can start paying off. Since Alaska's constitution requires the state to finish each fiscal year in the black, Governor Hammond is considering selling more oil leases around Prudhoe Bay to raise \$200 million.

With their economy so dependent upon the pipeline, many Alaskans are wondering if the raw, sparsely populated state has the leadership to deal with the oil companies. The industry now clearly outclasses the state government in manpower, money and talent. A number of former top state officials have signed on with the companies, including Former Attorney General Norman Gorsuch, now an Alyeska lobbyist. The consortium always seems to get its own way in the legislature and with state agencies. Says Democratic State Senate President Chancy Croft: "There's still the underlying fear that if we assert ourselves too much, we'll kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

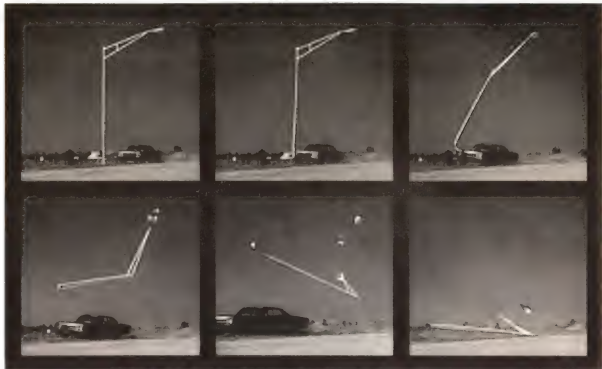
Environmental Guards. Under pressure from the environmentalists, however, Alyeska modified the design of the pipeline to decrease ecological threats. One problem is that the oil, which comes out of the ground at temperatures of up to 180°F , will flow through the pipe at about 140°F . The heat could damage the tundra vegetation and disrupt the underlying permafrost, the frozen ground that covers much of Alaska. Where conditions warrant it, the pipeline will be well insulated and buried 3 ft. to 12 ft. below the ground, out of sight and harm's way. But for 382 miles, the pipeline will be elevated 4 ft. or more above the surface to keep the heat away from unstable permafrost.

To avoid disrupting the migration of caribou every spring, the pipeline will be buried for about seven miles where it crosses the route of one herd of 450,000 in the Copper River valley. To make sure that the permafrost stays frozen in this particularly sensitive area, the pipeline will be refrigerated by surrounding conduits filled with brine.

The biding fear of the environmentalists—and Alyeska—is that a section of the pipeline may rupture, spraying a hot, brown fog of oil across the landscape. To make the danger more acute, the line crosses three major earthquake zones. In these areas, the pipe will run aboveground on special mounts that will allow the 80-ft. lengths of welded steel to whip 20 ft. from side to side and 5 ft. up and down without breaking. Alyeska believes that the gear will allow the pipeline to ride out earthquakes that register up to 8.5 on the Richter scale. The most severe tremor ever recorded in Alaska, in 1964, was officially measured between 8.3 and 8.6.

If the pressure in the pipeline drops by 1% or more—a warning sign of a rupture—electronic sensors will detect the





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THE NATION

change, and technicians in Valdez can close down the affected segment of the line in seven minutes. Alyeska believes that it can confine any major leak to about a maximum of 50,000 bbl, and has emergency plans to dam, bury and soak up the spillage.

Some scientists fear that the pipeline will damage fish life in the rivers and streams it crosses by changing the flow of the water and thus causing siltage and erosion. Environmentalists also are afraid that the Alyeska-built service road that runs north from Fairbanks to Prudhoe Bay will eventually become a means of opening the fragile Alaskan wilderness to man—and his garbage, his sewage and his guns. Though only Alyeska vehicles can now use the haul road, it is scheduled to be taken over eventually by the state. Several bus companies have already applied to drive tourists to the North Slope, and the U.S. Bureau of Land Management has plans to turn five of the construction camps into vacation centers.

Boom or Boomerang. More basically, the environmentalists are deeply concerned that the pipeline is leading to uncontrolled development of the state. "We are witnessing a genuine historical tragedy in the making here," says Charles Konigsberg, a member of the Federal-State Land-Use Planning Commission for Alaska. For every Alaskan who is happy about the oil development, there seem to be ten—or a hundred—who agree with Konigsberg. So many workers have flooded into the state that despite the new jobs, the raw unemployment figure is 11.5%, and Alyeska and the unions are urging workers to stay away unless they are highly skilled or have a job waiting for them. Lately the state has begun strictly enforcing a regulation that prospective pipeline workers must have lived at least one year in Alaska.

Con men and parasites are following the big money north. Valdez and Fairbanks are packed with every manner of hustler, card shark, pusher and pimp who can pull a pair of galoshes over patent-leather shoes. In cafés in downtown Fairbanks, pimps in broad-brimmed leather hats lounge around the bandstand and keep close watch on their girls, up from Seattle and San Francisco, who turn tricks for \$100. Last March a police raid broke up a gambling group in town that was so professional the casino had regulation tables and dealers. "This is no boom," says Sylvia Ringstad, a former mayor of Fairbanks. "This is a boomerang."

Alaska's major crime rate (murder, rape, robbery) has jumped 12% in the first quarter of this year alone. A major problem is a lack of law-enforcement officers—and again the pipeline is to blame. Fairbanks patrolmen earn \$1,620 a month; many have left to become \$1,000-a-week guards for Wackenhut Corp., which provides security at many oil-company installations.

Though authorized to have 17 state troopers, Fairbanks now has only two.

All over the state, people are abandoning their jobs to join the pipeline and drilling crews. Carpenters, clerks, reporters, bus drivers are letting their communities flounder. In the first six months of 1974, the Alaska National Bank lost 104 of its staff of 180 to the oil rush.

As outsiders jam into Alaska, the communities on the pipeline are simply being overwhelmed. In 17 months Valdez's population has trebled, to 3,600; it is expected to bulge to 10,000 by autumn. Prices in the Valdez Market, the one grocery, are one-third higher than those in Anchorage—if there is anything on the shelves to buy. Housing has become so tight in Valdez that the month-

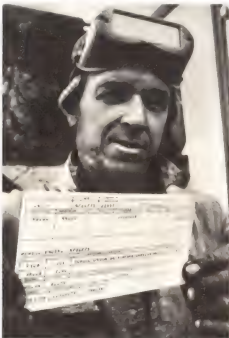
tionally. They have a lot of money and nothing to do. They don't have the energy to hold up their end of the family and help raise the kids." And, Hart adds, "child abuse is epidemic." Recently the town's "crisis line" got a call from a ten-year-old who said that he and his younger brother and sister had run out of food and were hungry. Asked where his parents were, the sobbing child said that they had both left for pipeline jobs more than a week before.

Is the pipeline worth all the trouble? Defenders of the project point to signs that it is already bringing benefits. Employment is rising, and the flow of money is freshening. Deposits in the National Bank of Alaska jumped 42.5% in 1974. Says Vice President Robert R. Richards: "From this day on, Alaska's economy will never again resemble what it has in the past. We're running precisely counter to the Lower 48. They are nosediving economically. Alaska is accelerating."

With an expanding tax base, plus the oil taxes and royalties, Alaska will finally have an opportunity to develop further its enormous natural resources. The state's challenge will be to find much more orderly ways of tapping its large reserves of fluoride and tungsten, rich deposits of copper, iron ore and zinc, plus at least 1 trillion tons of coal—enough to supply the U.S. for about 1,800 years at current consumption rates.

All together, Alaska's proven oil reserves constitute about a third of the entire known U.S. supply. As the U.S. tries to decrease its dependence upon foreign sources for its energy, the pressure will surely increase to tap more of Alaska's lode of black gold in areas like the Cook Inlet and offshore in the Bering Strait. By 1985, the state could be furnishing 25% of the nation's oil. Alaska also has an estimated 420 trillion cu. ft. of natural gas, a supply worth approximately \$420 billion and large enough to handle all U.S. needs for 18 years. Inevitably, more pipelines will be built to carry these huge quantities of oil and gas.

This spring, as the oil pipeline that started it all cuts its way through the northern wilderness, a defiant Alaskan bumper sticker proclaims: "We don't give a damn how they do it on the outside"—"the outside" meaning the rest of the U.S. For better and for worse, the changes already under way in the 49th state make it all too likely that as time goes on, Alaskans will be doing things more and more the way "they" do them in the Lower 48. This time, the future and all of its problems have come to Alaska to stay.



PIPELINE WELDER DISPLAYING FAT WEEKLY CHECK
Doing the "Texas shuffle" home to mama.

ly rent for one two-bedroom apartment recently jumped from \$286 to \$1,600. The sewage system is overloaded, children are attending school in makeshift classrooms, and traffic snarls the muddy streets.

Things are no better in Fairbanks, where a tent manufacturer has delightfully watched sales leap from \$45,000 in 1972 to \$240,000 last year. At the Fairbanks Rescue Mission, Supervisor Bud Rejynski carefully steps over three dozing men as he goes about his work. Says he: "We regularly have 15 or 20 sleeping on the floor."

Divorce is skyrocketing in Fairbanks. The Rev. Donald Hart, 37, pastor of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, figures that the pipeline has caused tremendous family tensions. "The men are gone for nine weeks and then come home exhausted physically and emo-



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PARATROOPERS GUARD NEWSPAPER OFFICE



SOCIALIST LEADER SOARES LEADS PROTEST

THE WORLD

PORTUGAL

Hurtling Toward a Climactic Showdown

The defense of Republica is the defense of freedom!

So declared thousands of leaflets distributed by Socialists in the streets of Lisbon last week, as Portugal plunged headlong into its latest political crisis. On one side of the battle lines are the Socialists and their colleagues of the moderate left on the other the Communists, backed by a powerful faction within the ruling Revolutionary Council. At issue is the future of Portuguese democracy, and the showdown may be at hand.

The storm center of last week's action was the Socialist newspaper *República*, which was seized by its Communist typesetters and then shuttered by the Armed Forces Movement (M.F.A.). Since the Portuguese revolution in April 1974, the well-organized Communists have gained what amounts to virtual control over the nation's television, radio and most of its principal newspapers, which were taken over by the state when the government nationalized the banks last March. For weeks the Communists had also been trying to take control of the editorial policies of *República*, one of the last non-Communist papers in Lisbon. Socialist Editor Raul Rego, 62, who was imprisoned several times by the fascist regime, steadfastly deflected their demands. Last week a "Workers' Commission," dominated by

the Communist printers, demanded Rego's resignation.

Branding the Communist action "a maneuver designed to silence yet another free voice in Portugal," Rego locked himself in his office. His editorial staff voted to support him by an overwhelming 22-to-2 margin and declared that *República* was not the "exclusive property of its workers" but of the Portuguese people.

Ugliest Epithet. Outside the building, Socialist Leader Mario Soares and thousands of his supporters kept an all-night vigil in the rain. In the ugliest epithet imaginable, the angry crowd called Communist Leader Alvaro Cunhal "a new Salazar"—after the late dictator who ruled Portugal for more than 40 years. "*Este jornal não é de Cunhal!*" [This paper is not Cunhal's!] the Socialists shouted. Several times paratroopers sent to guard the building fired shots into the air; the crowd responded by shouting, "Assassins!" Finally Minister of Social Communications Jorge Correia Jesuino, representing the 30-man Revolutionary Council that really governs Portugal, ordered the premises evacuated and referred the case to the courts. Whether the newspaper will be able to resume publication is in doubt.

For Soares and his beleaguered Socialists, the closing of *República* was perhaps the most ominous setback in their

struggle for survival. Only four weeks ago, in Portugal's first free elections in half a century, the Socialists outpolled everybody, with 38% of the vote, and even carried what had been considered Communist strongholds in Lisbon, Oporto and the agricultural south. The middle-of-the-road Popular Democrats won 26% of the vote. The Communists ran a poor third with only 12.5%.

But in revolutionary Portugal, electoral popularity does not equal political power. Four times since the April elections the Socialists have engaged in tests of strength with the Communists, and four times the Socialists have lost. On May 1, Soares was roughed up by members of the Communist-dominated Interministerial, the country's single, 2 million-worker union federation, and prevented from participating in a May Day celebration at the Lisbon Stadium. A few days later, the Socialists demanded that free elections be held in the labor unions, pointing out that almost none of the incumbent officials had been elected by secret ballot but had simply grabbed their posts shortly after the revolution. The Revolutionary Council said no. Later the Socialists called for free elections by secret ballot in the local governments, most of which had also been seized by the Communists. The self-appointed functionaries remain in office.

Then came the closing of *República*.

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THE WORLD

and the Socialists dug in their heels Soares, a Minister Without Portfolio in the military-dominated government, announced that he and a second Socialist Minister would refuse to participate in Cabinet meetings until the newspaper is allowed to resume publication—and might remove themselves from the government altogether. At a crowded press conference, the Socialist leader declared, "The Portuguese people will not accept the imposition of a Communist dictatorship in Portugal. We are not being conducted toward socialism, but rather into economic degradation and anarchy. If you are not a Communist in Portugal today, you are considered a reactionary and an enemy of the revolution." The Socialists were anxious to continue to participate in the government, he emphasized, but added, "It is necessary that we be respected."

That night more than 40,000 Socialists staged a giant demonstration in Lisbon's Rossio Square, flying red banners emblazoned with their clenched-fist symbol and shouting, "No, no, no to false information!" as they marched past the daily *Diário de Notícias*, whose editor is a Communist. Said one old worker, who watched the Socialists parade along the Avenida da Liberdade with their red flags flying: "There go the real democrats. Cunha calls himself a democrat, but we all know he is a Communist—a wolf in sheep's clothing." In front of his own headquarters, Soares implored the crowd, "Do not make this the saddest month of May since 1926," the year of the fascist coup. He added, "We are the majority party, and it is time that the Revolutionary Council says if it wants to govern with the support of the majority or against their will."

Choking Options. The answer may not be long in coming, and it may be a profoundly disturbing one. Moderates on the Revolutionary Council are losing strength swiftly to the radicals who, though they regularly invoke the *povo* (the people), also regularly disparage the *povo* for "political unawareness." Increasingly, the firebrands of the M.F.A., declaring that the choice for the nation is between "electoralism or revolution," are choking off all options for Portugal but one: a crisis in which the Revolutionary Council would ban all political parties, thereby leaving the Communists in a position to strengthen their present footholds of power. After three days of almost continuous meetings on the *República* crisis, the Revolutionary Council pool-poohed the Socialist reaction as "out of proportion to the incident," then warned, "The defense of liberty is not exclusively in the hands of any one political party but rather of the Armed Forces Movement and the Portuguese people." The words are hauntingly familiar, as well they should be. They have been uttered, in one form or another, by a long line of dictators who, as soldiers, thought they knew best what was best for the people.

MIDDLE EAST

Hopes for a Peaceful Summer

With summer approaching, the volatile Middle East has seemed to be nearing the flashpoint for yet another war. For one thing, the failure of Henry Kissinger's round of shuttle diplomacy in March left a dangerous diplomatic vacuum. Even more dangerous, time was running out for the United Nations peace-keeping forces on the Golan Heights and in Sinai. When the U.N.'s six-month mandate in Sinai expired in April, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat agreed to extend it only until July 24. With a similar mandate for the U.N. Golan force due to expire this week, Syrian President Hafez Assad was expected to set a July deadline too, thereby placing Israel under heavy pressure to negotiate and increasing the possibility of military action.

There was some fighting in the re-

dafi was showing the same sort of bristly independence. The Egyptian newspaper *al-Ahram* angrily charged that during Soviet Premier Aleksandr Kosygin's visit to Libya two weeks ago, Gaddafi agreed to take \$4 billion in Soviet arms in return for allowing the Russians to establish military facilities and technicians on Libyan soil. Libya speedily denied such reports, but diplomats in Cairo were not impressed. Even if the dimensions of Soviet aid were not yet clear, Egyptian observers said, the fact remained that the Russians had moved into Libya on a major scale and from there will be in a strong position, through Gaddafi, to threaten Sadat.

The Egyptian President nonetheless remains the dominant Arab spokesman in current moves toward peace negotiations. Preparing to meet next week

SADAT/UNITED NATIONS



SOLDIER FROM U.N. OBSERVER FORCE STANDS GUARD ON GOLAN HEIGHTS

Six more months to show peaceful intent and independence.

gion last week, but it was isolated. In Beirut, new skirmishing broke out between right-wing Christian Phalangists and Palestinian guerrillas.

Elsewhere, however, the situation remained cool. Unexpectedly, Assad decided to give the 1,200-man U.N. Disengagement Observer Force on the Golan Heights a full six-month extension. Discussing this surprising move, an Egyptian diplomat suggested that the Syrian ruler "had to renew for six months because he had no Suez Canal to reopen." He was referring to the fact that Sadat, while limiting the U.N. mission in Sinai to three more months to keep pressure on for peace talks, had also decided to reopen the canal next week to emphasize his desire for a settlement. Thus, Assad had to do something to demonstrate the same spirit. But it also showed that he was not limited to following Sadat's lead. In a far different manner, Libya's Muammar Gad-

with President Ford in Salzburg, Sadat wound up a series of visits to Kuwait, Iraq, Jordan and Syria in search of an Arab consensus. He found a formula for the knotty problem of Palestinian representation at any future Geneva Conference. King Hussein would represent Jordan; at the same time, however, a Palestinian delegation would be designated, and other Arab states, with support from the Soviets, would press the U.S. to seat it along with Hussein.

Normally, such a pro-Palestinian move would anger Israel, but Jerusalem largely ignored it. Premier Yitzhak Rabin's government was relieved that Kissinger and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had agreed at their Vienna meeting to delay any reconvening of the Geneva talks until autumn. One Foreign Ministry spokesman said "This will relieve the pressure and allow a politically useful and militarily quiet summer."

LAOS

Removing the Last Obstacle

With Communist control over the government and armed forces of Laos nearly complete, only one obstacle blocked a total victory: the U.S. presence. Last week that too crumbled. As the last rightist territorial strongholds in Laos collapsed when Communists marched into Savannakhet and Pakse, the State Department bowed to the inevitable. It ordered the evacuation of nearly all Americans from the tiny landlocked kingdom, ending two decades of intense—and at times dominant—U.S. involvement in Laotian affairs. The order also removed the last significant elements of Washington's once enormous

its high point shortly after midnight one day last week when several dozen long-haired Laotian students scaled the 9-ft. wire fence surrounding the sprawling USAID compound in Vientiane, Laos administrative capital. After several hundred reinforcements were bused in the next morning, the students kept two U.S. Marines and one U.S. civilian locked inside the main buildings. They also ransacked the compound, liberating cases of American beer from the commissary.

Pathet Lao military policemen at the compound did nothing to halt the looting. The students plastered the com-

minally under the leadership of the neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma—legitimized the students' demands by insisting that the U.S. end all but formal diplomatic activity in Laos and that it turn over to the government all USAID material in the country. Left with no choice but compliance, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger announced that there will be a "substantial reduction" of U.S. personnel in Laos.

Fourteen Americans, including USAID employees and their families, who had been held under loose house arrest in Savannakhet for eight days by Laotian students, had already been flown to Thailand after Vientiane officials obtained their release.* Several hundred additional U.S. officials and dependents left Laos at week's end. Most of the remaining Americans are scheduled to leave as quickly as transportation facilities permit, taking with them only one suitcase and a carry-on flight bag. The Laotian students thus obtained still another of their demands: that the Americans leave behind most of their personal possessions.

It is uncertain whether the radical reduction in the U.S. presence will mean a similar cutback in the level of U.S. economic aid—currently running at a magnitude of \$32 million. Laos' leaders, including the Communists, realize that a halt in aid would cripple their economy. They have therefore made it clear that they want U.S. aid to continue, but without the enormous superstructure of American agencies that have been administering it.

Buddha's Sacrifice. What is certain is that the American exodus removes the last pillar around which Laotian opponents to a Communist regime can rally. Rightist officers have apparently given up hope of fighting. They offered no resistance, for example, when a convoy of about 400 Pathet Lao troops last week marched into Savannakhet, a city long regarded as a rightist stronghold. An estimated 20,000 people greeted the Communists and showered them with garlands. On the political front, the façade of the coalition government that Souvanna is desperately trying to preserve has become increasingly transparent. "We are not Communists. We are socialists," insisted Souvanna last week in an interview with TIME Correspondent David Aikman. "I myself am a socialist. Don't forget that we are Buddhists and that Buddha sacrificed his wealth to beg for meals." Nonetheless, observers in Vientiane give him almost no chance of blocking the Communists from exercising full control over the government if they desire it.

*I was here in the woods, American did not care so well. Three Stanford University students and a Dutch woman, all of whom had been working at an animal-research center in Tanania, were abducted by a band of heavily armed men. In Tehran, two unarmed U.S. Air Force officers were fatally shot, a woman who claimed to be speaking for a movement opposing Shah Muhammad Reza Pahlavi, hosted. "The Shah is a stooge of the Americans. Therefore we murder Americans!"



PATHET LAO COMMANDER, ATOP TANK, WAVES TO WELCOMING CROWDS IN SAVANNAKHET
The sign said, "Yankee Go Home"—and they did.

military, diplomatic and economic influence in Indochina.

The American exodus climaxes a month-long anti-U.S. campaign led by Laotian students and youth, tacitly backed by the government's police and almost certainly organized by the Communist-led Pathet Lao. U.S. involvement in Laos had dwindled to a shadow of what it was in the early 1970s, when several thousand American diplomats, military advisers, economic and agricultural experts and intelligence agents literally ran the country and directed the fight by the rightists against the Communists. Still, as last week began, the U.S. community numbered a sizable 1,000 or so. Of these, 340 were government employees, about half of whom work for the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID); in Laos, the U.S. has often served as a cover for the CIA.

The anti-American campaign hit

compound's fence with crudely lettered signs, proclaiming in Lao, French and English YANKEE GO HOME and CIA OUT then distributed a manifesto listing their demands. Among them: the immediate dissolution of the USAID mission. Proclaimed the manifesto: "All Americans should be driven out of Laos."

Angry Chargé. Meanwhile, some 140 American families living in the suburban-style residential complex for USAID workers outside Vientiane were being held virtual prisoners. Pathet Lao and rightist troops brandishing potent-looking grenades were searching cars at the compound's gate and preventing nearly all Americans from leaving. At Prakhao, six miles north of Vientiane, students and police barricaded the entrance to a major USAID supply center.

Angry protests lodged at the Laotian Foreign Ministry by U.S. Charge d'Affaires Christian A. Chapman did no good. In fact, the Laotian Cabinet—still



Keeping Pace in Laos

The *de facto* Communist takeover of Laos, as these photos show, has been in keeping with the Laotian character, especially its ability to absorb change with only slight interruptions in the normal, casual pace of life. From top, clockwise: a dragon dance in Savannakhet celebrates the arrival of Communist-led Pathet Lao troops into that onetime rightist stronghold; a rightist soldier lights the cigarette of a fatigued Pathet Lao at Constitution Day ceremonies in Vientiane while a crisply uniformed officer looks on; Premier Souvanna Phouma plays with his dog at his home just outside Vientiane; officials pay homage to King Savang Vatthana, who wields no power but is a symbol of national unity; Pathet Lao troops stand at attention in Vientiane





In the New Saigon

So far, only fragmentary information is emerging from Saigon during its first days under Communist rule (see THE PRESS), but these photos were authorized for release last week by the Communists. From top, clockwise: Viet Cong supporters in downtown Saigon rip up the flag of defeated South Viet Nam; Ho Chi Minh's photo adorns newspaper called Saigon *Giải Phóng* (Liberation), the first daily allowed by the new regime; in Saigon's central market, a corpse is displayed with a sign reading LOOTERS WILL BE SHOT DEAD LIKE THIS PERSON; soldiers of the fallen government hurriedly shed their uniforms after the surrender; South Vietnamese police colonel lies dying seconds after striding to Saigon war memorial, saluting and then fatally shooting himself as Communist soldiers entered the capital.



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ITALY

The Tuscan Pony v. the Communists

At 67, jaunty, combative Amintore Fanfani is one of Italy's heartiest political perennials and the country's most controversial politician. A four-time Premier, he has since 1973 been secretary of the Christian Democratic Party, which has ruled Italy for 30 years. For his pugnacious leadership and almost baronial control of the party's vast machinery and patronage, he has sometimes been called, both inside and outside the party, *il Padrino*—the Godfather—of Italian politics.

Next month some 40 million Italians will vote in regional elections that, with considerable help from Fanfani, have taken on the coloration and dimensions of a full-scale political confrontation. At stake are nearly 1,000 council seats in 15 of Italy's 20 semi-autonomous regional governments. In polls taken last month, the Communists' showing improved by 2% or 3% over that in the last national election in 1972, which would give them an impressive nationwide total of 30%; the same polls forecast that the Christian Democrats would lose 3%, dropping to an overall 35%. But there are two jokers—or "jollies," as Italians call them—that may throw the polls out of whack: 1) some 2.5 million Italians from the ages of 18 to 21, enfranchised only in March, will be voting for the first time, and a large number are expected to mark their ballots beside the hammer-and-sickle symbol of the *Partito Comunista Italiano*; 2) the polls were taken prior to the elections in Portugal and Communist efforts there to override the results of the balloting.

Italy's campaign is dominated by the country's major national issue: the proposed "historic compromise" that would give the Communists a share of power in the national government. To counter this proposal, which was made in 1973 by Enrico Berlinguer, secretary-general of the Italian Communist Party, the Christian Democrats have launched a double-edged campaign. Scholarly Premier Aldo Moro, Fanfani's colleague and occasional rival, leads the left wing of the party and is the most consistent Christian Democratic supporter of a center-left alignment. Moro is stressing the conciliatory spirit of the center-left accommodation with the Socialists (who support the Christian Democrat-Republican coalition that governs the country). Meanwhile, in an effort to contain predicted leftist gains, Fanfani has hurled himself into a personal crusade against the historic compromise.

To explore this effort further, Time Managing Editor Henry Grunwald and Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante interviewed Fanfani at his Rome penthouse. Fanfani explained that, while the June regional elections will not change "the physiognomy of Parliament," politically they could prove "the announcement of the tempest." He went on to discuss the historic compromise and a range of other political questions.

How will the Communists perform in the coming election?

They have prepared themselves very well with a great deal of penetration in the middle classes. If they succeed in

new and different Communists. Wherever in the world they have gone into power, however briefly, they have taken over everything, and nobody else could remove them. If this were not the case with our Communists, it would be a new miracle. Anyway, we would much prefer not to try the experience.

Will pressure for the historic compromise increase if the Communists gain in the election?

I don't believe so, if we can hold our own, or even if we lose some support. The day that the Christian Democrats accept the historic compromise, they are finished. I would add that it would also be the end of free Italy. Even in the case [of a real economic disaster], I would not advise it, because we are always at the central point: either Communism changes, really changes, and it is no longer Communism, or Communism remains Communism and leads inevitably to a totalitarian regime.

How do the Socialists feel about the historic compromise?

They are against it. They fear that the union of Catholics and Communists will eliminate them, and therefore even the Socialists don't hold a good opinion of the Communists.

What would be the international consequences of the historic compromise?

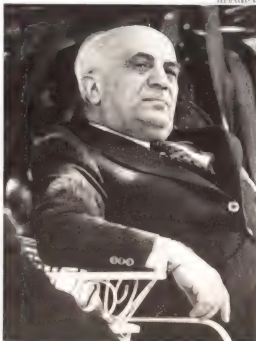
It would create a serious threat to détente. So those who believe that the present international balance is so delicate that it cannot afford any such threat should be forcefully against it. When the Communists say that they accept the Atlantic Pact, this really means that they consider the Atlantic Pact useless. What has already occurred in Portugal is a wide outflanking of the Western area of the Atlantic Pact. After the end of the tension over Berlin, it was the turn of the Mediterranean, and now they are extending the operation to the Atlantic.

What should the West's role be in Portugal?

The approach to Portugal should have been more united before. The less the single countries interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, the better, but surely a policy of solidarity, friendship and economic cooperation in the framework of the Atlantic Alliance can create the psychological climate to encourage every country to face the dangers threatening its liberties.

What role should the U.S. play in the alliance?

The U.S. has a natural role as leader of our alliance. It has the right to ask its allies to think a bit more about their own situation. It is admirable that the U.S. came forward and on two oc-



FANFANI AT RECEPTION IN ROME
Worried about the wild cards.

not losing on the extreme left, they should hold their position. If they also succeed in their attempt to take votes from the Socialists, then they will have scored a notable success, increasing their vote by 2% or 3%.

They have tried to demonstrate that they are not old-fashioned Communists but moderates well-disposed to accept certain bourgeois systems. In addition to that, they have exploited disorder—I hope that they have not had a hand in creating it—so as to show that they know how to establish order. And when people are desperate for order, they will even consider sacrificing some liberty. But one must not believe that they are

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casions intervened in defense of the liberty of the world, in World War I and World War II. But can a country carry this burden for its whole history?

Are there dangers because the Christian Democrats have been in power for so long?

We have been in power for 30 years. From this I draw two conclusions. Either our adversaries could not persuade the voters to change their minds. Or Italian citizens believe that if they changed they would find something worse.

Do the differing campaign themes used by yourself and Premier Moro reflect a clash among the Christian Democrats?

The Premier heads the government of all Italians. I represent the party at the head of 38% of the voters. My function is to keep it united and if possible to increase its size. The Premier's function is to govern Italy. In the party congress of 1973, it was said that there are only two thoroughbreds in the party. Moro and Fanfani, and that it was time that we decided to run together. That was when I called myself a Tuscan pony—*un cavallino Toscano*—and Moro a good southern horse. In any case we are in the same race and we are running together, from different positions but toward the same objectives.

WEST GERMANY

Spectacle in Stuttgart

The most sensational, costly and politically explosive trial in West German history opened in Stuttgart last week. Four self-styled urban guerrillas, each handcuffed to a policeman, were ushered into a custom-built, top-security courthouse. There they faced charges on five counts of murder (including those of four U.S. servicemen), 54 counts of attempted murder and multiple counts of bank robbery, arson, bombing, forgery and grand larceny. After the recent murder of West Berlin Supreme Court Judge Günter von Drenkmann, the kidnapping of Berlin Opposition Leader Peter Lorenz, the bombing of the West German embassy in Stockholm and the shootout between terrorists and police in Cologne three weeks ago, authorities were taking no chances. Even the five higher-court judges who are hearing the case (there is no jury) were armed with pistols and had undergone training in target shooting.

Roaming Anarchists. The sources of all this concern are hard-core members of a group of anarchists who call themselves the "Red Army Faction," but are popularly known as the Baader-Meinhof gang. On trial are Ringleader Andreas Baader, 32, an art school dropout; Ulrike Meinhof, 40, a former journalist; Gudrun Ensslin, 34, a former teacher; and Jan-Carl Raspe, 30, sociologist. A fifth defendant, Holger Meins, died in prison last November

after a two-month hunger strike. All are middle-class revolutionaries who emerged from the 1968 student rebellions in Germany determined to destroy "the System." In the two years from the founding of the Baader-Meinhof gang in 1970 to their arrest in June 1972, they roamed the country stealing cars, robbing banks and bombing police stations, newspaper offices and U.S. military facilities.

Rumors were rife that the gang's supporters would go to extreme lengths to disrupt the trial. A Stockholm newspaper received a letter threatening "unusual actions," including an attack upon Stuttgart with rockets, flamethrowers and mustard gas, if amnesty was not granted. Since two quarts of the deadly gas had mysteriously disappeared from a North German army post a

ery inch of the floodlit complex, and more than 500 policemen share the guard duty. Roadblocks manned by sub-machine-gun-carrying police seal off the entrances to unauthorized visitors.

Inside, the courtroom's yellow plastic chairs are bolted to the floor so that they cannot be picked up and thrown. Everyone entering the courtroom has to pass through metal turnstiles, identification checks and small cabins for body searches. All personal belongings are impounded. Journalists, however, may keep one pencil, one pen and one notebook.

The Stuttgart trial, which will hear testimony from some 500 witnesses and 70 expert advisers, is expected to run as long as two years. The reason became obvious almost immediately. Only seven hours after the proceedings had



POLICE CHECK SPECTATORS QUEUED UP FOR SEATS AT TERRORIST TRIAL. Mustard gas, disappearing attorneys and pistol-packing judges.

few days earlier, the government sent urgent instructions to all West German hospitals and private doctors on how to treat mustard-gas burns. Authorities were also alarmed when one of the defense lawyers representing the terrorists disappeared shortly before the opening of the trial. Defense Lawyer Siegfried Haag left a note saying that he was "going underground to carry out important tasks in the battle against imperialism."

To tighten security, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt banned nonofficial visitors from government headquarters in Bonn last week and ordered that an armored car guard the chancellery building day and night. The concrete and steel Stuttgart courthouse is encircled by concentric chain link, barbed-wire and wooden fences. A steel net has been strung across the roof to keep off explosives and prevent helicopter rescue attempts. Hidden cameras monitor ev-

ery inch of the floodlit complex, and more than 500 policemen share the guard duty. Roadblocks manned by sub-machine-gun-carrying police seal off the entrances to unauthorized visitors. The court-appointed lawyers, with whom Baader refuses to work, have barely had time to review the 550-page indictment against the defendants.

Although the Stuttgart spectacle has drawn the most intense national interest, it is not West Germany's first anarchist trial, nor will it be the last. So far, 52 terrorists have been sentenced since the violence of the late '60s, '73 are being held in investigative custody, and 27 are on the wanted list. Beyond that, investigations have been opened against 200 other Germans who are suspected of supplying, harboring or otherwise supporting terrorists.



STEIGER DISGUISED AS FIELDS

"Most baffling of all is his sex life," concluded Actor **Rod Steiger** after looking into the life and lines of Comedian **W.C. Fields**. "What did he really think about women? There are no good clues." Steiger stars in the film *W.C. Fields and Me* with **Valerie Perrine**, who portrays the former movie extra who lived with Fields for many years. He has studied for his role by watching old Fields movies at home and going to bed at night with the comedian's recorded voice playing through his carphones. "There are some remarkable similarities in our lives," says the actor. "Fields left home at eleven; I left home at twelve. He worked delivering ice in Philly; I worked delivering ice in Newark." The physical similarities are less precise, however, and Steiger requires a two-hour makeup job before stepping in front of the cameras. As for Fields' distinctive voice, Steiger has asked the film crew to forgo their Fields impressions on the set. "It's so catching," he explains. "Everyone thinks they can do it, but it only throws me off."

From the look of things at San Clemente, the quiet convalescence of **Richard Nixon** may be coming to an end. No longer bothered by the limp that resulted from his phlebitis and surgery, the former President has been seen strolling through his Casa Pacifica grounds with old Administration stand-



ERROL WETSON & HIS MILLION-DOLLAR BABY, MARGAUX HEMINGWAY

bys, including former Attorney General **John Mitchell**, Banker **Bebe Rebozo** and former Military Adviser **Jack Brennan**. Wife Pat, meanwhile, has been busily tending to the Nixon estate, directing the work of her gardener and occasionally doing some pruning and weeding of her own. Last week, the former First Lady left her gardening chores to attend the dedication of the new Pat Nixon School in Cerritos, Calif. "I always thought that only those who were gone—I mean really gone—had a school named for them," said Pat cheerily. "I'm glad to tell you that I'm not gone."

Once there was a young girl called **Margaux Hemingway**, who had a pretty face and lived in Ketchum, Idaho. Although her grandfather **Ernest** had been a famous novelist, Margaux wanted to be a model, and so one day she moved away to New York City. There she met a hamburger heir named **Errol Wetson**, fell in love and planned to be

REBOZO & MITCHELL AT SAN CLEMENTE

married. At the same time, her pretty face began appearing on the cover of magazines like *Vogue* and *Town & Country*, making Margaux believe that she lived in the best of all possible worlds. Last week, however, life began looking better still after Fabergé offered Margaux a contract: if she would help advertise a new fragrance, which does not yet have a name, the perfume people would pay her \$1 million. "This could be the largest single package ever offered to a model," said **Richard Barrie**, executive vice president of Fabergé. "We are very pleased," said the hamburger heir solemnly. "Yippee! Skippee!" rejoiced Margaux, who suddenly found herself with a pretty face and a nice round figure besides.

"If I had not become Miss U.S.A., I would have become a counselor for the Girl Scouts this summer," said **Summer Bartholomew**, 23, sounding like any old girl-next-door. After collecting this

NIXON STROLLS ALONE





ROCK HUDSON SPOUTS OFF IN HIS BEVERLY HILLS SWIMMING POOL

PEOPLE

year's Miss U.S.A. crown at Niagara Falls, however, the Merced, Calif., beauty has forsaken the scouting life for the banquet circuit and a shot at the Miss Universe title in San Salvador in a month. On her first-ever visit to New York City, Summer talked about her victory ("My first thought was to thank the Lord") and her recent trip to Niagara Falls ("That's where my honeymoon is going to be"). Then, explaining that she had been named after Summer Olson, friend of the Steve Canyon cartoon character, the new Miss U.S.A. revealed a secret and rather quixotic ambition. Said she: "I hope some day to meet Steve Canyon."

At least it never came to this in those old **Rock Hudson** and **Doris Day** pictures. Long an abstainer from film nudity, Hudson will bare more than his sparkling teeth in *Embryo*, a new movie directed by **Ralph Nelson**. In the picture, Hudson portrays a medical re-

searcher who raises an embryo in his laboratory. Trouble is, Dr. Rock mixes the wrong ingredients, and presto, a fragile fetus becomes a fetching filly played by **Barbara Carrera**, a Nicaraguan fashion model. Hudson and Carrera quickly get down to more basic research, including a fireside frolic in the buff. "When a scene demands it, that's that," said Hudson, who has been swimming to get in shape for the role. "I have absolute faith in Ralph's innate good taste." Maybe, but what would Doris say?

After hacking away at Washington politicians all day, what does Investigative Columnist **Jack Anderson** do for relaxation at night? Hack away at boards, of course. "I began doing the sport about three years ago," says Anderson about his interest in karate and the martial arts. "It's good exercise and of course that's important. And I enjoy doing things with the kids. We horse around in



ANDERSON WARMS UP FOR KARATE

the basement with this stuff and have fun." To show how much fun it is, Anderson teamed up with a fellow karate enthusiast, Washington Redskins Coach **George Allen**, for a board-breaking exhibition at the Capital Centre in suburban Maryland. Anderson, however, showed that punching lumber can be tougher than hitting typewriter keys. While a crowd of 7,000 looked on, the columnist karate-chopped a stack of wood—and cracked a bone in the knuckle of his little finger.

"The greatest thing New Orleans has to offer is a step into the past, not a cheesy replica of it," complained TV talk Master **Dick Cavett**. Accompanied by his wife, Mississippi-born Actress **Carrie Nye**, Cavett had come to New Orleans for a visit and found that some favorite landmarks were missing. "People who live here all the time maybe don't notice it, but it's heartbreaking," said Cavett after surveying the rubble of the historic St. Charles Hotel and the debris of the French Market renovation. "Don't they understand they're destroying an international landmark? It's like putting arms back on the Venus de Milo," he grumbled, "like fixing up the Colosseum in Rome and staging live gladiator events, or like filling in the Grand Canyon and putting up a patio and serving dinosaur burgers."

BRENNAN, NIXON & REBOZO

PAT WITH HER GARDENER



The London Look

The 60 or so tailoring establishments that cluster in and around London's Savile Row seem as immutably English as crumpets or coronets. And, like many another English institution, from the gentleman's club to the butler, the sartorial capital of the male world has been hard hit by rising costs and sagging incomes. Most of all, perhaps, the market for the classic "bespoke" men's suits—which can run over \$600 apiece—has been crimped by changing tastes and Savile Row tailors' haughty reluctance to acknowledge that, even in men's clothing, fashions do change.

"Finally," says Michael Skinner, young (40), bustling managing director of J. Dege & Sons (est. 1865), "we realized that we had to change our ogre image and our whole concept of marketing. We had to be more forthcoming, with clothes that would sell themselves." The result has been perhaps the greatest turnaround in English tailoring since Beau Brummell first sported trousers instead of breeches. At a spring fashion show—the first in its history—the 200-member Federation of Merchant Tailors presented a new London look called "the Delta line." The collection consists of nearly 40 models for town, country, leisure, travel, the tropics, evening wear, and sports such as shooting, racing and golfing. It demonstrates, says Federation President Robert Bright, "that Savile Row could create a modern line with-

out sacrificing traditional quality."

As its name suggests, the look is fashioned around the triangle, with its base at the shoulders and its apex at the waist. The triangular theme is emphasized by the skillful use of angular seams—accented in some models by piping and also reflected in the lapels and jacket points, even in the buttons. The trousers, in contrasting or complementary colors if the customer wishes, can be flared at the cuff. The double- or single-vented jacket, with its absence of external pockets and flaps, gives the wearer a slim, dashing look that would certainly be approved by Bond but never by M.

Relax and Forget. Instead of settling for the time-honored solid blue or gray business suit, the customer is encouraged to pick from a range of colors and materials that might have appeared subversive a decade or so ago: early returns indicate that lighter colors and dark colors with wide stripes are among the favorites for business suits. In place of the heavy worsteds and wools that once made the perspiring mildred at laughtonstock at Mediterranean watering places, the new look employs mostly lightweight (11 oz. to 14 oz.) fabrics, including polyester and cotton blends. Most of the suits can be brightened up or toned down with stylish waistcoats. Customer and tailor are free to interpret the line as they see fit, choosing from a range of some 4,000 fabrics and endless color permutations.

A suit designed for travel has a jacket of RAF blue flannel and trousers of navy blue. The leisure clothes for the

Delta line are designed, in Skinner's words, to make the wearer "relax and forget." A wrapover jacket, with elbow-length sleeves, deep cuffs and blue lapels that match the mohair trousers, has a stylishly picturesque look. Evening suits feature subtle colors and such untraditional designs as a lightweight jacket (a wool-rayon-acrylic blend) made with a chain-effect check of white on black with Delta panels, collar and cuffs. Also the collection brings back the dashing Inverness cape in lightweight blue wool with a satin lining.

"The idea," says Tailor Skinner, "is that the customer should say, 'My God, what a super suit!'" Adds Bright, a partner of Cordas & Bright: "We think that it could also be called 'the disciplined line.' These days the businessman does not want flamboyance. He wants disciplined elegance; the Delta line offers him that, and we think it suits today's psychology." The fashion may be on its way to the U.S. Savile Row firms that send representatives to the U.S. several times a year report that their American customers are enthusiastic about the new look; so are American visitors to London. TIME's London Correspondent Roger Beardswood predicts that some U.S. and British ready-to-wear chains may do a "knockoff" (copy) of the Delta line—without using its name.

And what of Savile Row's uncompromisingly traditionalist customers? "Lord Shuttlebotham may not like it," says one seer of shears. "But then we don't see much of Lord Shuttlebotham these days."



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King Filly

With Foolish Pleasure winning the Kentucky Derby, and Master Derby running away with the Preakness, chalk players are already arguing over which colt is Horse of the Year. They could be wasting their time. The top three-year-old thoroughbred may not even have been in the starting gate at Churchill Downs or Pimlico. Nor is it likely to be at Belmont on June 7 for the Belmont Stakes, the third jewel in racing's Triple Crown. The superhorse of 1975 could very well be a lady: Ruffian, the fastest filly in memory. Before the summer is out, she may get a chance to prove her supremacy in a clash with the colts.

Such a showdown could be the race of the year. Since she started her career in 1974, Ruffian has been undefeated in eight starts, including the Acorn at New York's Aqueduct track earlier this month, first leg of the filly triple crown. The Acorn was a typical Ruffian race—no contest. She won by 8½ lengths and set a new stakes record (the sixth time she has broken a race mark). This Saturday she will go for the second installment of the filly triple crown, the Mother Goose at Aqueduct. Should she win that, as well as the final race (the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont on June 21), the handicappers will have to start comparing her to 1973 Triple Crown Winner Secretariat. One expert already has. After watching Ruffian run away with the vaunted Spinaway stakes at Saratoga last summer, Secretariat's trainer Lucien Laurin declared, "As God is my judgment, this filly may be better than Secretariat!"

Front Runner. At any rate, she is bigger. More than 16 hands tall, coffee-colored, Ruffian has enormous dimensions, particularly for a filly. At age two her girth already measured 75½ in. (1½ in. more than Secretariat's at that age). Her hindquarters are huge, and she puts them to good use. Ruffian runs with a smooth, gliding stride, and no sign of strain. "She fools you because she runs so smooth and easy," says Panamanian Jockey Jacinto Vasquez, who also rides Foolish Pleasure. Says Trainer Frank Whiteley Jr., "Her speed scares the hell out of me."

She is as competitive as she is quick. The product of Shenanigans, a first-rate daughter of Native Dancer, and Reviewer, who won nine of 13 starts in 1968-70, Ruffian likes to run in front from start to finish. "She's got a look in her eye," says Whiteley. "It's the same look that comes from an eye of an eagle and it won't let any of the others get beyond her. A really good horse has that look. It breaks their hearts to get beaten." In fact, Ruffian can be too competitive for her own good. "We can't even exercise her with another horse,"

DORRIS NITEL



RUFFIAN, RIDDEN BY EXERCISE BOY, BEGINS HER MORNING WORKOUT AT AQUEDUCT
The top three-year-old may not have been at Churchill Downs or Pimlico.

says Whiteley. "It gets her gumption up and she races it."

Whiteley, 60, is an authority on class. The sinewy, white-haired track veteran trained Damascus, Tom Rolfe and Chieftain, three brilliant performers. Mounted on a pony, he escorts Ruffian to and from Belmont's barn No. 34 every morning at dawn for her daily workouts. Afterward, he soaks her front legs in a tub of ice water, then he and Groom Daniel Williams pack all four legs in damp clay to keep them cool. When he is not busy with Ruffian, Whiteley can usually be found working with another of his 19 horses.

Whiteley, who was born on Maryland's Eastern Shore and started working horses when he was six, is the perfect match for Ruffian's owner, Stuart Janney Jr., a 67-year-old retired Baltimore attorney and Brahmin. The son of a longtime Maryland Governor, Janney still rides with the skill of a man who has won the rugged Maryland Hunt Cup four times. With his wife Barbara, sister of New York Horseman Ogden Phipps, Janney keeps 15 thoroughbreds at Locust Hill Farm, his 400-acre estate in Glyndon, Md. So far, Ruffian, whose unlady-like name had originally been intended for a colt, has earned \$196,000. But unlike her male counterparts, who can be bred frequently, Ruffian will not command a huge syndication deal when she retires.

The big question for Ruffian is whether—and when—she can beat the boys. Whiteley did not run Ruffian in the Kentucky Derby or Preakness because she was recovering from an ankle

injury. Now he says the first shot against the colts will probably be at Saratoga in August. Jockey Vasquez is not worried. "She's special, whatever the division," he says. "She's king—I mean queen."

Throwing Smoke

When California Angels Right-hander Nolan Ryan pitches, curious things happen. Batters edge back from the plate, opposing managers bench their red-hot hitters, Angel outfielders let fly balls drop in for base hits, and the Angel catcher stuffs a half-inch-thick pad of foam rubber into his glove. The reason: Ryan throws so hard he rewrites the basic customs of the game. Batters inch back because they are scared, managers yank top hitters because they can't connect on high fastballs, Ryan's own outfielders are lulled to sleep by the preponderance of infield outs his pitches produce, and his catcher will do anything to keep his hand from turning to raw meat.

With a fastball that has been clocked at 100.9 m.p.h. (3 m.p.h. faster than Bob Feller's and 7 m.p.h. faster than Sandy Koufax's), Ryan's influence on a game isn't surprising. Nor is his record. He has struck out more batters (383) in a single season than anyone in baseball history, pitched as many no-hitters (3) as Feller, and has thrown four one-hitters, six two-hitters and 14 three-hitters. This year, after two seasons as a 20-game winner, Ryan is setting a 30-win pace with eight victories and only two defeats while flourishing a 2.25 ERA. All that on a team of otherwise marginal tal-



RYAN WINDING UP



BANTERING IN LOCKER ROOM



SPORT

ent. "The man is unbelievable," says Baltimore Orioles Manager Earl Weaver. "He has the potential to pitch a no-hitter every time out."

When Ryan, 28, first came up to the majors seven years ago with the New York Mets, potential was all he had. "I was in the big leagues because of my arm, not because I could pitch," he recalls in a languorous Texas drawl. "My idea of pitching was to throw as hard as you could." That he did, walking batters by the dozen. His difficulties were not eased by chronic blisters on his pitching fingers or long stints in the bullpen.

When he failed to improve after the Mets traded him to the Angels following the 1971 season, Ryan nearly quit the game. Angel Pitching Coach Ted Morgan (now with San Diego) urged his frustrated pupil to slow his delivery. With that, Ryan started to develop a sharp curve and an effective change-up—"the only 90 m.p.h. change-up in the majors," jokes Fellow Angel Pitcher Bill Singer. Meanwhile Ryan had started using a scalpel to shave off the scar tissue and calluses on his fingers, under which blisters were forming. (To this day he spends five minutes before every start carefully trimming excess skin off the tips of his pitching fingers.) Soon the results were visible in the win column: 19 victories his first year in Anaheim.

Basketball Dream. Though Ryan still suffers from control woes—he led the majors in walks for the past three seasons—he is now the complete pitcher. By combining powerful leg thrust off the rubber with whip action in his arm, the 6-ft. 2-in., 198 lb. pitcher fires a fastball that, if anything, is fastest at the end of a game. When he doesn't want to throw smoke, he is not shy about switching to his curve or change-up, even when the count is 3 and 2. By that time batters are usually so intimidated that they simply stand motionless, watching a called third strike. Says Oriole all-star Third Baseman Brooks Robinson: "Is there fear? Sure there's fear. There's an old baseball saying, 'Your heart might be in the batter's box, but your ass ain't.'"

Ryan's heart wasn't in baseball until he realized his dream of being a basketball center was impossible because he just didn't have the height. That was while he was in high school in Alvin, Texas, a small town 25 miles from Houston. Ryan, the son of an oil company supervisor, still lives in Alvin with his wife Ruth and three-year-old son Reid, and has no intention of abandoning his unpretentious country-boy life, despite a salary of more than \$100,000 a year. A duck, deer and quail hunter in the off-season, Ryan complains that even Alvin (pop. 15,000) is getting too big. "Houston is encroaching and I'll probably have to move out," he says. There are a lot of hitters in the American League who wish he would move out of baseball—fast.

FIRING BALL HOME

Preposterous Pay

If future historians ever try to pinpoint the time when sport pay scales turned preposterous, they may well pick last week. In three cities money was being tossed about like so much confetti.

► In Santos, Brazil, Soccer King Pelé, 34, was huddling with the general manager of the New York Cosmos of the North American Soccer League to discuss an offer that Pelé described as "the sky, the earth and the stars." In



SOCCER GREAT PELÉ

The sky, the earth and the stars.

cash terms that meant a \$5 million to \$6 million invitation to come out of retirement to play for the Cosmos for three years and give pro soccer in the U.S. instant credibility.

► In Tuscaloosa, Ala., while the country wallowed through another week of recession, Joe Namath pondered—and eventually rejected—a contract from the recently created Chicago Wind of the World Football League that promised to give him \$500,000 a year for three years of play, a \$500,000 bonus, plus \$100,000 annually for his first 20 years of retirement. Apparently Namath decided working behind proven blockers on a solid franchise in publicity-conscious New York was worth more than the Wind's airy millions. If he remains as the Jets superstar quarterback, he will not be poverty stricken. Their offer: a \$1 million, three-year contract.

► In Los Angeles, the W.F.L. fared better, signing Southern Cal's quicksilver running back Anthony Davis reportedly for an emperor's ransom more than \$100,000 a year for three years in the backfield of the Southern California Sun, nearly \$175,000 for a fourth and fifth year, \$45,000 annually for 20 years after he quits, and \$30,000 in supplemental income (for public relations work) for the first five seasons with the Sun. Davis also got himself a small extra for joining the W.F.L. instead of the N.F.L.: a \$38,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

Violence in Evanston

A freshman girl was raped on a third-floor stair landing during orientation week last summer. Once classes started, a home-economics teacher and a Russian teacher were attacked by students. A school accountant was robbed. Throughout the year the school was plagued by arson, larceny and vandalism. Security officers were called almost daily to break up fights or investigate thefts.

The setting for this crime wave is not an inner-city blackboard jungle but suburban Evanston Township High School on Chicago's elm-shaded, affluent North Shore. For years the high school has

quality of the education available to the school's 4,700 students. The music department had to curtail some of its independent study programs after someone stole the recording equipment. Business classes were hampered this spring by the theft of 13 typewriters and calculators. The daily schedule was revised to cut back on students' free time. Rest rooms on the third floor were closed after they became hangouts. As a result of attacks and threats, students have become wary. "There is a degree of fear," says Senior Dan Graff. "If you see a bunch of guys in the hall, you get nervous. You might get held up." Says School Community Worker John Ingram: "We've had everything con-

fluence in Evanston and other U.S. schools? A number of Evanston parents blame the high school for not enforcing discipline and punishing offenders. "They're hushing things up," says Mrs. Winston Hough, who has two children in the school. "They're afraid it will reflect badly on their image." School officials blame an atmosphere of permissiveness in the home and a lack of respect for authority. "Some of the students simply don't feel that the punishment is great enough to deter them," says Security Chief Richard Grogins. "They have little fear of suspension. They're willing to take the risk."

Assault Charge. Evanston School Superintendent David Moberly places some of the blame on the difficulty involved in punishing students: "The whole court process has planted in their minds a 'do what you want' attitude." Furthermore, he says, the court process seems to drag on interminably. The suspect in the rape case, for example, remained in school most of the year awaiting prosecution. In April he was apprehended on an assault charge and he finally dropped out of school while officials were preparing to expel him.

Moberly does concede that the school has not been blameless, and that there has been "a certain laxness" in enforcing rules. Still, at Evanston as at other schools across the country, it is far easier to point to the problem than to deal with its causes. Says Moberly: "We are a reflection of the society that we serve."



POLICEMAN CHECKING CAR ENTERING EVANSTON HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT
Like being in prison in an elm-shaded setting.

been known as one of the best in the nation, and it still earns that reputation. The current senior class has nine Merit Scholars, the largest number in the school's 92-year history. Evanston's innovative curriculum offers 260 courses and programs; the campus includes a planetarium and television studio.

100 Murders. But Evanston, like many other previously tranquil schools, has fallen victim to a rising tide of school violence across the nation. This spring a Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency reported that there are now more than 100 murders in public schools each year, and 70,000 assaults on teachers. It estimated that school vandalism costs \$500 million a year—about the amount that is spent on textbooks.

While Evanston's violence does not begin to match that in many of the high schools in neighboring Chicago or other big cities, it threatens to erode the

ceivable happen here but murder."

It would be simple to blame the school's problems on integration. Black students make up 23% of the enrollment and commit a disproportionate share of the violence. But Evanston Township High School has always been integrated. In 1963, for example, when 18% of the students were black, there were few problems and there was need for only one daytime security guard. This year, by contrast, the school is spending nearly \$160,000 for security, money that otherwise would go for education. The exit doors bristle with electronic locks. Eight plainclothes officers with two-way radios patrol the halls, while off-duty city police monitor the 55-acre campus. Next fall four special-police youth officers will be assigned to E.T.H.S. full time. Says Senior Michael Crooks: "I feel like I'm in a prison."

What has caused the shift to vio-

Kudos: Round 1

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Coming About

Once they have set a course, courts can be as slow to come about as a square-rigger in a flat calm. Now the U.S. Supreme Court has finally managed a reversal of course from a line of cases first charted in 1854.

In that original decision, the high court's Justices ruled that the financial damages resulting from a collision at sea should be divided equally among those at fault, no matter who was more responsible. But since 1910, virtually every major nation has adopted an international maritime convention jettisoning that once common rule as unfair. Partly because cargo interests were worried about other aspects of the convention, the U.S. Senate never acted, and U.S. courts for the most part have reluctantly followed precedent. For example, when the Navy tanker *Mission San Francisco* was rammed by the Liberian freighter *S.S. Elba II*, a circuit court of appeals decided that the *San Francisco*'s "faults were grave," but "with regret" divided the \$3.8 million damages.

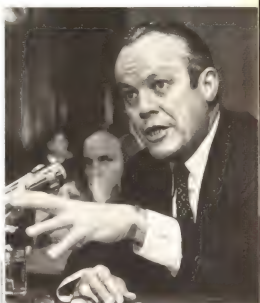
Egregious Fault. Last week the Supreme Court was reviewing the case of the *Mary A. Whalen*, a coastal tanker that went aground in 1968 in gale force winds on a sandbar outside New York harbor. A flashing light maintained by the Coast Guard was not working that night, but the trial court concluded that "the fault of the vessel was more egregious than the fault of the Coast Guard." The blame, ruled that court, was 75%-25%. Yet the damages had to be split evenly. After considering those facts, Justice Potter Stewart, a World War II naval officer, weighed the old "equal division" rule and found it wanting: "An ancient form of rough justice, a means of apportioning damages where it was

difficult to measure which party was more at fault." Said Stewart: "It is no longer apparent, if it ever was, that this Solomonic division of damages serves to achieve even rough justice." In fact, some vulnerable owners of negligent ships have rushed to litigate in U.S. courts in order to avoid harsher justice elsewhere. With good reason, a unanimous court concluded that the time had come for the U.S. to assess damages in admiralty cases so as to reflect whenever possible the relative degrees of fault.

An End to Kindness

Former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, 51, is feisty, charming and—as Watergate defendants go—lucky. Although he apparently committed perjury before a Senate committee when he denied that presidential pressure was brought to bear on him in his handling of the ITT antitrust case (the White House tapes later revealed that Richard Nixon had told him to "stay the hell out of it... leave the goddamned thing alone"), Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski permitted him to plead guilty to the lesser charge of refusing to testify. Then Federal Judge George L. Harri Jr. gave him a one-month suspended sentence because his offense "reflects a heart too loyal" to the President. Next the bar in his home state of Arizona voted merely to censure him, the mildest possible sanction. And a panel of three Washington, D.C., federal judges found no grounds for suspending him from practice in their courts. Said one Washington lawyer: "The legal profession in general had decided to give Kleindienst a 'pass.'"

Not quite. Two weeks ago, the disciplinary board of the Washington, D.C., bar recommended that Kleindienst be



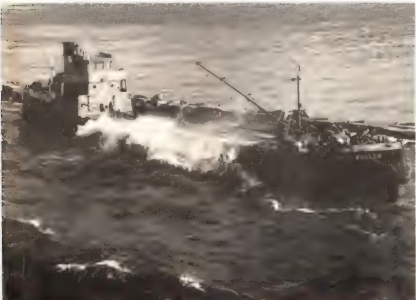
FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL KLEINDIENST
He almost had a "pass."

suspended for one year. Last week it released its confidential findings and conclusions. They shred Kleindienst's defense and condemn by implication the deep-glove kindness that was shown him.

Inexcusable Violation. "The failure to testify fully and accurately," said the board, "constituted an inexcusable violation of Respondent's professional and public responsibility... It is our firm conviction that Respondent knew that he was failing to tell the 'whole truth' and, indeed, that he deliberately misled the committee. If [parts of his testimony are to be] characterized as 'justifiable evasion,' it is difficult to perceive what Respondent would consider 'unjustifiable' evasion... In our view, Respondent has engaged in reprehensible conduct in violation of the Code of Professional Responsibility by testifying dishonestly before a congressional committee. This is conduct which the bar would seriously condemn in the case of any of its members, but particularly so when that member holds a special position of trust with regard to the public and to the profession."

The sole dissenter from the bar's recommendation urged a harsher, three-year suspension, but one year was chosen because "we have taken into account the fact that anyone in his position would understandably try to avoid embarrassing the President who appointed him." Kleindienst, who is now in private practice, says he will continue to "fight this recommendation." Next stop: the local Washington, D.C., Court of Appeals, which must now review the bar's findings.

THE *MARY A. WHALEN* AGROUND OUTSIDE NEW YORK HARBOR



COVER STORY

New Outlook for the Aged

Throughout history the aged have occupied a precarious position in society. Some primitive peoples like the Eskimos and other nomads respected the elderly but left them to die when they could no longer care for themselves. Natives of some South Seas islands paddled away from their families—to death—when age overtook them. Nor is the idea of abandoning the elderly unique to primitive societies. Marya Mannes' 1968 novel *They* postulated a world in which everyone over 50 was herded into public institutions and eventually liquidated. A 1966 Rand Corporation study concluded that if the U.S. survived a nuclear war it would be "better off without old and feeble" citizens, and suggested that no provisions be made to care for the surviving elderly.

The U.S. has clearly not taken such advice. Most Americans, whether moved by religion or common decency, still try to follow the Fifth Commandment and "honor" their parents. But despite their concern, and frequently the anguish that marks their hard decisions about the elderly, the position of the aged in the U.S. has grown parlous. A couple of decades ago, most Americans who reached 65, the admittedly arbitrary age for retirement, could look forward to spending their last years in peace and security, respected and cared for by their families and friends. No longer. For an increasing number of Americans, the years after 65 are a time of growing uncertainty and isolation as,

cut off from family, beset by illness and impoverished by inflation, they struggle not to enjoy the rest that they have earned but simply to survive.

Their problem is a pervasive, urgent one, both for the old and for their children. America as a society has yet to develop a practical, human policy for dealing with the woes of old age in a modern world. For those elderly Americans who can still manage—both physically and financially—life goes on much as it always has. But for those who cannot manage, the end of life, or at least of life as most people would want to live it, can be an agony. About a million, or 5% of the nation's elderly already live in nursing homes, too many of which are grim warrens for the unwanted. Tragically, the population of the nursing homes is growing. But so, too, is the public's concern over the plight of the old. Americans have yet to come up with the answers, but more and more are at least asking themselves the question that most must face sooner or later: What do we do with our parents?

There is no easy, single answer. In an earlier time, when most Americans lived on farms, the relatively few who reached old age simply stayed at home, inevitably working less and less but expecting and getting as their rightful due more and more care from their families. Industrialization, urbanization and the automobile have ended that. Most Americans

no longer live on farms or in closely knit family groups. Ever more mobile, Americans by the tens of millions do not stay rooted in one place all their lives but pull up stakes, move and move again. Of those who hold on in the old home town, few live out their lives in one house. Married couples rarely stay with parents any more; even young singles are encouraged to strike out on their own. Those who leave frequently lose contact with their parents because of distance or because they are too busy to bother with the old folks, and may even be embarrassed by them. Says Anthro-



ELDERLY SISTERS WITH WALKERS RESTING AT

polologist Margaret Mead, 73, and a grandmother: "The modern family, in its present form, is not equipped to care for old persons."

The problem is that there are more old people than ever to care for. In 1900 only 3.1 million, or one out of every 25 Americans, were over 65. Now 21.8 million, or one out of every ten, fall into this category. The reason for the rise is twofold. Modern medicine has cut infant mortality rates and increased the average life expectancy from 47 years in 1900 to 71.3 today. Since 1957 the U.S. birth rate has dropped (TIME, Sept. 16), increasing the ratio of elderly to

WIDOW LIVING WITH SON'S FAMILY IN ATLANTA



young people. If present population trends continue, those over 65 and those under 15 should each account for 20% of the population by the year 2000.

Except for numbers, the two groups have little in common. For one thing, a disproportionate number of the American aged are women, who outnumber men by a ratio of 143 to 100. The reasons are obvious. Women tend to outlive men by an average of seven years; they also tend to marry men several years older than themselves, a fact that accounts for the high proportion of widows among elderly women. Nor is this the only difference between the young and the old. A significant number of today's elderly are, according to University of Chicago Professor Bernice Neugarten, "disproportionately disadvantaged." Many are foreign born, uneducated and unskilled. Far from all the



SHUFFLEBOARD GAME WITH VISITING GRANDDAUGHTER AT MIAMI'S PARK WEST COMMUNITY

ilies for help, the aged live in a wide variety of arrangements. For most, the accommodations are reassuringly familiar. More than two-thirds of America's elderly remain in the communities that they have known for most of their lives—and in the same homes. Most like the security of the familiar. For many, however, the decision not to pull up roots is economic as well as emotional: nearly 70% of older people own their own homes, humble as they may be. For owners, housing costs—utilities, taxes (often reduced for those over 65) and repairs—have long been relatively low. Now all of those costs are climbing sharply.

Not surprisingly, lots of elderly homeowners live in rural areas (many of them in Kansas, where nearly 12% of the population is over 65, and Nebraska, where the elderly make up as much as 23% of the population of Boyd and Saline counties). Many remain in small towns where they can live cheaply, with good houses going for as little as \$10,000. Others settle in out-of-the-way places that are crime-free and friendly. Most have a simpler reason: to them, these hamlets are home.

In Swift Creek Township, near Raleigh, N.C., doctors urged Oscar Maynard, 67, to go to a nursing home after he suffered a stroke several months ago. Maynard refused, saying, "I'll be on my own, and I'll go where I want to go." Where Maynard wanted to go was to the simple brick home that he shares with his wife Essie, 63, on 25 acres of land. Says Maynard: "I'd rather be here than anywhere else in the world."

Many of the elderly with more money prefer plusher living. An estimated 500,000 have bought or leased property in the "adult" or "retirement" communities that have mushroomed round the country, primarily in Florida and the Southwest, where the weather is warm and the cost of living relatively low. Most of these "villages," "cities" and "worlds" follow the lead of Arizona's Sun City (pop. 34,000) and exclude younger people; no one under 50 can buy or lease property there. Some residents like the segregation practiced in the gerontopolises, but the majority are more interested in the amenities. A number of communities boast well-designed cottages or apartments and programs of social activities, such as dancing and crafts; many have swimming pools and offer residents free bus rides to and from shopping centers and entertainment spots even have golf courses. Miami's Park West community bars dogs, for example, and puts a three-week limit on visits by children. Warner Moore, 64, a retired General Motors executive, and his wife Elizabeth, 65, consider Park West an ideal place to live. It may be, for those who can afford it. The cost of a one-bedroom condominium in Park West begins at \$27,000, a similar home in Sun City costs \$28,000 and one in New York's handsome Heritage Hills \$41,500.

Thousands can afford this expensive apartheid; thousands more can bear the costs of living in pleasant apartments in high-rise buildings in New York, Miami or Chicago. But millions of elderly Americans, the majority of them wom-



ALLIANCE RESIDENCE IN MINNEAPOLIS

aged are infirm, but 38% do suffer from some kind of chronic condition that limits their activities. Of these, fully half have serious problems and 5% or one out of every 20, are homebound. About a third of all aged Americans are also plagued by poverty. Despite pensions, savings and Social Security, which will disburse \$72 billion to 33.5 million recipients this year, fully 4.75 million of the nation's aged exist on less than \$2,000 a year—well below the Federal Government's poverty line.

Depending on what they can afford and the extent to which they can take care of themselves or count on their fam-



91-YEAR-OLD VERMONT WOMAN SWINGING ON FAMILY FARM
Being old does not have to mean being "over the hill."

en and widowed, have to make do more modestly. Ella Larson, 73, a retired nurse in Santa Monica, Calif., finds apartment living increasingly expensive. She gets \$107.80 a month from Social Security, which goes for food. An additional \$147 from old-age assistance pays her rent and utilities, which leaves her almost nothing for clothes and entertainment. Mrs. Larson worries constantly that her rent will go even higher. "I feel very insecure," she says. "I never know if the landlady is going to raise my rent again or tell me they're going to tear the place down to build one of those new apartment buildings. Then we'd all be homeless."

Some elderly Americans cannot afford even the smallest apartment. For them, what passes for independence is a clammy rented room and a hot plate. An estimated 2,000 oldsters cling to life in \$15-a-week furnished rooms in Boston's shabby South End. A few others find homes in peeling, decrepit residential hotels like the once elegant Miami resort where Mrs. David Yates, 90, gets a suite of rooms, maid service and two meals a day (no lunch) for \$500 a month. People who cannot afford even this much may sometimes find a plain but safe haven in public housing projects specially designed for the elderly, which offer low-rent living to those who are physically, if not financially, able to go it alone. Chicago shelters 9,250 aged tenants at 41 special sites, including the huge Britton I. Budd complex near Lake Front Park. There Martin Smith, 82, pays \$55 a month for an apartment that he feels is better than his daughter's \$195-a-month place, and complains only about his arthritis.

For some, old age means giving up solitary independence and moving in with their children. Sometimes that works out well. Edna Segar, 74, who plays the piano in a Culver City, Calif., senior citizens' dance band, finds the ar-

range fine. So do her son Donald, 54, and his wife Frances, 59. Says Donald: "You wouldn't throw your kids out, so you don't throw your parents out when they need you."

For others, caring for parents is a serious problem. Many urban Americans simply do not have the room to house an elderly father or mother, especially in New York and other cities where an extra room means paying an enormous increase in rent or buying a larger home than they can afford. Others claim that the presence of a parent in the home strains marital relations and puts tremendous pressures on children. Still others just cannot take the tension involved in caring for senile parents.

Many families also cannot handle the physical aspects of aging. The Jury family, of Clarks Summit, Pa., watched helplessly as "Grandpa" Frank Tugend faded. The Jurys kept the retired coal miner with them, bearing with him as he became confused and forgetful, cleaning up after him as he lost control of his bodily functions. In his lucid moments, the proud 81-year-old Tugend knew what was happening to him. One day he took out his false teeth and refused to eat any more. He had decided to die, and no one—not his doctor, not his family—could do anything to change that. His children and grandchildren cared for him with anguished tenderness until death claimed him three weeks later.

Few children have the devoted patience or endurance of Tugend's family. Each year more and more of them face the problem of deciding what to do when aged parents need more care than they can—or are willing to—give. In some cases, the answer is obvious: put them in a nursing home. The decision is often devastating for parents and children alike, and has ripped many families apart. Whatever happens, guilt hangs in

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the air like a sulfurous, corrosive fog. Even children who keep their parents at home generally feel remorse about what Paul Kirschner of the University of Southern California calls the "battered senior syndrome," which involves caring for aged parents but excluding them from many family activities. Those who place their parents in nursing homes often feel a still heavier burden of guilt for "abandoning" the old folks.

In many cases, what they have done, for whatever reason, amounts to abandonment. Mary Adelaide Mendelson, of Cleveland, a former community-planning consultant, has spent ten years studying institutions for the aged. Last year, in a book titled *Tender Loving Greed*, she concluded that U.S. nursing homes are a national scandal. She writes: "There is widespread neglect of patients in nursing homes across the country and evidence that owners are making excessive profits at the expense of patients."

This does not mean that all of the country's 23,000 nursing homes are bad. A number of them scattered throughout the country are, by any standards, excellent. Others provide their patients with at least good, competent care. They come in all sizes, under highly diverse sponsorship. Members of Southern California's Japanese community need have no qualms about placing their parents in Los Angeles' Keiro (which translates as Home for Respected Elders), a 184-bed facility that bespeaks the Oriental tradition that old age should be a time of ease. Keiro's appeal ranges from chaste Japanese décor to good food served from a gleaming stainless-steel kitchen. The home also has a largely bilingual staff that is genuinely interested in the welfare of its patients, and a program that includes everything from physical rehabilitation to concerts on traditional Japanese instruments.

Nor need children feel guilty about putting their parents in some of the smaller, less shiny but equally good homes round the country. Associated with the Christian Missionary Alliance, the Alliance Residence in Minneapolis is a nondescript three-story building minus any lush lobby or manicured grounds. But what it lacks in gliding, it more than makes up for in concern for its patients. Alliance's 100 occupants are in the care of seven nurses and 25 nurse's aides, who work in three shifts so that the home will be staffed round the clock. Most of Alliance's patients are not only healthy but happy. Elvira Axen, 82, still goes out every Wednesday to make coffee for her Bible group. "I'm going to be busy as long as I can do it," says she. So are others. "As long as you can complain and be up and around, you're young," says 91-year-old Mrs. Ellen Wicklander as she stitches on a quilt.

The best nursing homes deprive their patients of some independence. The worst deprive them of far more: their resources, rights and, ultimately,

their humanity. They are killer institutions. An investigation still under way in New York has dug out evidence of widespread abuse and exploitation of nursing-home patients. Inspectors who have made surprise visits to homes have found in the worst of them incontinent patients wallowing in their own filth, patients shot full of tranquilizers to keep them docile, others whose requests for help went unanswered and still others who were unfed or given the wrong foods and medication. They have also found many patients—like those at the now closed Towers Nursing Home in New York City—who were unwilling to complain for fear that they would be punished later by the attendants.

The crimes against the weak are not confined to New York. Authorities in Illinois are investigating not only suspected fraud but also the deaths of seven patients in a home in Rockford. California officials have turned up even more disturbing evidence. Los Angeles County investigators reported that a paralyzed woman at the Torrance Medical Convalescent Center, a 212-bed nursing home in Torrance, Calif., died after a nurse tried to feed her orally rather than through a stomach tube, then dismissed her gasping and flailing as an attempt to burn off "excess energy." The victim was not the only patient to die at Torrance, whose license to operate is being challenged. One patient died when he apparently leaped from a second-story window. "He probably jumped because of the conditions inside," said one angry health official.

A few of these substandard homes are public institutions. The majority, however, are private. The reason for the ratio is money—public money, ironically, appropriated to give aid and comfort to the indigent aged. In 1966 the Federal Government began to pay for nursing-home care through Medicaid, a federal-state program that last year spent \$4.4 billion of its \$12.7 billion budget on the elderly. The sudden gush of cash set loose a nursing-home boom as many entrepreneurs, many of them interested only in the bottom line, rushed into the business.

It is not difficult to understand how the homes make money. Medicaid pays them from \$8.50 to \$49.10 per patient per day, but many homes spend far less on care for their patients. Most save money on staffing, hiring only a handful of professionals and then filling their rosters with unskilled, often careless attendants, who are paid rock-bottom minimum wages. Some proprietary homes save by spending next to nothing on their buildings, which may not only be dirty and stunk but may also be unsafe. Also, many nursing-home operators save on food. One owner admitted to investigators that he was feeding his patients for 54¢ a day, less than the county jail spent on its prisoners. Given

such practices, it is not surprising that some private nursing homes yield an annual return of more than 40% on money invested. Unblinkingly, nursing-home operators defend themselves as performing a necessary service. "The public does not really want to accept the fact that taking care of a sick old person is not a pleasure," says Max Lewko, administrator of New York's Mayflower Nursing Home. "If some of these people had their mother at home for four weeks, they would appreciate what we are doing."

That begs the question. Regardless of their condition, the elderly deserve to be treated like human beings. Fortunately, action to guarantee such treatment has already begun. A special commission in New York has submitted an eleven-bill package that would include unannounced inspections of nursing homes, establish a stiff schedule of fines

The enactment of pending legislation—indeed, even the enforcement of existing state and federal regulations—would go a long way toward ending the dehumanization and exploitation of those who can no longer care for themselves. But improving nursing homes will not help 95% of America's elderly. What will help them and those who will one day join their ranks is a realization that the U.S. suffers from what Dr. Robert Butler of Washington, D.C., calls "ageism"—or prejudice against the elderly—and a determination to end this cruel form of discrimination. "The tragedy of old age is not that each of us must grow old and die," writes Butler in his newly published book *Why Survive?* (Harper & Row; \$15), "but that the process of doing so has been made unnecessarily and at times excruciatingly painful, humiliating, debilitating and



OLD MEN SITTING IN LOBBY OF RESIDENTIAL HOTEL

For many, a time of growing uncertainty and isolation.

for violations of state standards and give the state the right to sue nursing homes that failed to provide proper care. The Minnesota state legislature has tightened up certification procedures and passed laws requiring close monitoring of nursing-home operations. Massachusetts authorities have shut down eight substandard homes and plan to close three more unless they are sold to someone who will run them properly.

Congress is also acting. Senator Frank Moss, chairman of a Senate subcommittee on long-term care, has introduced 48 bills that would, among other things, require 24-hr. attendance of a registered nurse, offer financial incentives to nursing-home operators by allowing higher payments for better care, and provide for full disclosure of the identities of all individuals involved in a nursing home's operation.

isolating through insensitivity, ignorance and poverty."

But, says Butler, much of this pain and humiliation can be eliminated. He and his fellow gerontologists urge those who want to help their parents—and other elderly—to help overhaul old policies and develop some new ones, particularly with regard to:

RETIREMENT. Most people assume that to be old is to be finished or "over the hill," and at least half of all American workers are now employed by companies that have institutionalized this assumption by forcing their employees to retire at age 65, if not earlier. The effects of this involuntary idleness can be traumatic. "One day they have life, the next day nothing," says Margaret Mead of unwilling retirees. "One reason women live longer than men is that they can continue to do something they are used

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to doing, whereas men are abruptly cut off—whether they are admirals or shopkeepers.”

Most companies claim that mandatory retirement is necessary to maintain efficiency, preserve profits and clear the way for younger employees. But gerontologists find the arguments unfair. There is no evidence that an individual's efficiency or creativity declines dramatically once he passes his 65th birthday; indeed, many people—from scientists to craftsmen to musicians*—have done their best work during their declining years. Nor can it be assumed that most elderly Americans are too feeble to support themselves. At least half of those now over 65 are physically capable of doing a day's work. Mandatory retirement is, in fact, now under challenge. A former civil servant has filed suit to set aside the Federal Government's retirement policies. The American Medical Association has allied itself with him, insisting in a friend-of-the-court brief that there is no evidence that older workers are any less efficient than younger ones.

INCOME. It is pure romanticism, say most gerontologists, to assume that prudent people can provide adequately for their old age. Inflation in the 1970s can erode the value of the most liberal of pensions and shrink the worth of even the fattest savings accounts. Nor does Social Security, upon which most elderly Americans depend for at least a third of their income, enable most to live with any measure of financial security or comfort. A 65-year-old couple entering the plan this year and entitled to the maximum benefits, which they have

*Giuseppe Verdi produced his great opera, the playfully exuberant *Falstaff*, at age 80. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. crafted some of his most powerful opinions in his tenth decade.



WOMAN LIVING ALONE IN ENGLEWOOD, N.J. APARTMENT
A precarious position in society.

paid for in taxes, draws only \$474 a month. That inches them above the poverty line but hardly enables them to live beyond the bare-bones level. Besides, the average couple receives only \$310 a month.

To alleviate the financial plight of the elderly, experts recommend placing a reasonable floor, pegged to the actual cost of living, under retirement incomes, either by increasing Social Security benefits or supplementing them from other state or federal funds. They also recom-

mend reforms in both Government and private pension systems, to assure that all workers who contribute to a pension plan will derive at least some benefits from it.

MEDICAL CARE. Most medical plans are designed to care for the elderly once they become ill. Gerontologists believe that the emphasis should be on preventing illness and preserving health and keeping the aged in the community.

To accomplish this, New York's Montefiore Hospital 28 years ago inaugurated home care for the elderly with regular visits to the homebound by doctors, physical therapists and social workers. Since then, about 100 other hospitals across the country have set up similar programs. Three years ago, Montefiore branched out with an after-care program, under which stroke, arthritis and cancer patients were brought to the hospital for follow-up treat-

ments that doctors hope will eliminate the need for institutional care. Two years ago, the hospital helped set up a day-hospital program. It offers custodial care to those who have no one at home to watch over them during the day.

Dr. Isadore Rossman, who directs the Montefiore programs, hopes that the success of these pilot projects and the acceptance of others like them round the country will lead to the passage of legislation to create and buttress alternatives to institutional care. Such programs

Where to Get Help

Americans over 65 face a bewildering set of problems as they try to adjust to old age, retirement, and often, financial shortage. Federal, state and local governments offer a wide variety of programs to help out. Among them:

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE. Almost every American over 65 and many over 62 can apply for Social Security through some 1,300 local Social Security offices, which are listed under "U.S. Government" in telephone directories. Those not eligible for railroad retirement, civil service or veterans' pensions probably qualify for state-administered Supplemental Security Income (SSI). SSI information is available through local welfare or social service agencies.

HEALTH CARE. Anyone eligible for Social Security benefits also qualifies for Medicare, which is financed through Social Security and covers most of the cost of any hospitalization that may be needed by those who are eligible. The medical portion of the program, which costs beneficiaries \$6.70 a month, covers doctors' bills. Anyone who is eligible for welfare or old-age assistance is also eligible for Medicaid, which covers doctors' and some hospital services, as well as nursing-home care. Local welfare departments administer the program.

NUTRITION. The Federal Government has earmarked \$125 million for nutrition programs for the elderly. These funds enable hundreds of communities to serve the aged one hot meal daily five days a week, mainly at communal eating places, but also at the homes of those unable to get out. Food stamps, worth more than their purchase price, can help stretch tight food budgets. Information on eligibility for the stamps and other nutritional aid is available from local commissions on the elderly and from welfare offices or agricultural extension services.

HOUSING. The National Council on the Aging in Washington, D.C., publishes a directory of special housing for the elderly. Other information on publicly sponsored low- and moderate-income housing, tax relief and rent grants is usually available from local housing authorities, tax collectors or agencies for the aged.

LEGAL SERVICES. Old people in need of legal services to protect their rights to housing, Social Security or medical benefits, safeguard their assets and guard against exploitation by the unscrupulous, can usually obtain them through local legal-aid societies, which provide free or low-cost legal guidance. More specialized help is available from the National Council of Senior Citizens, which has its headquarters in Washington, and local Gray Panthers' organizations.

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Shown below: 1930 Cadillac Series 353 Fleet Roadster



Among cars, there are
many famous eights.
Among bourbons,
there is one.

**8-YEAR-OLD
WALKER'S
DELUXE**



would prove an unexpected bargain. Montefiore's home-care costs about \$12 a day, or a maximum of \$4,380 a year. Even with an elderly person's rent and food bills—averaging at least \$2,400 a year—added on, this makes staying out of a nursing home far cheaper than going in. The average cost of a modern New York nursing home is up to \$42 a day, or a whopping \$15,000 a year.

ATTITUDES TOWARD AGING. Americans, says Butler, take an unhealthy and often unrealistic attitude toward aging, assuming that old people have no further contributions to make to society and should be excluded from it. Many of the elderly share this view, occasionally attempting to conceal evidence of their advancing years and withdrawing from an active life. Butler and others believe that attitudes must change if the aged are ever to be treated fairly in the U.S. They urge society to recognize the basic rights of old people to independence and security. Gerontologists also urge society to make better use of the elderly, drawing on their experience and talents and giving them a greater voice in matters that concern them. It is ridiculous, they agree, to have panels of 35-year-olds determining the wishes of and setting policy for the aged when the aged are better equipped to do the job.

Improvements in these areas are on the way. Congress has moved—albeit not very far—to tap the reservoir of talents the elderly have accumulated during their lives. It has approved \$45 million for a variety of projects, including the Foster Grandparent Program, which pays oldsters for supervising dependent and neglected youngsters; \$17.5 million for the Retired Senior Volunteer Program (RSVP), which pays out-of-pocket expenses to 100,000 involved in such community activities as entertaining the handicapped and visiting homebound patients; and a skimpy \$400,000 for the Senior Corps of Retired Executives (SCORE), which reimburses some 4,500 retired executives for expenses incurred while counseling small businesses and community organizations.

Other programs are under way. One feeds the elderly, who often stretch their skintight budgets by subsisting on peanut butter sandwiches or skipping meals entirely. The Nutrition section of the 1965 Older Americans Act, funded for \$125 million this year, now provides 220,000 seniors with a hot meal a day through local nutrition centers or "Meals on Wheels" vans that deliver hot food right to the doors of the homebound aged.

More encouraging are the programs to keep the elderly in the community and out of institutions. Chicago, which set up the nation's first municipal office for the aged in 1956, sponsors some 600 senior citizens' clubs, where they can meet to talk out their problems and organize to get things done. It also op-

erates some 62 nutrition centers, where an estimated 3,800 come for a low-cost hot meal and some companionship.

At present, these programs reach and benefit only a handful of the nation's elderly. But the prospects for their expansion and for the development of other new approaches toward aging are brightening. One reason for this improved outlook is the growing recognition by most Americans that the country has a lot of catching up to do in its treatment of the aged and the new desire to change what more and more agree is an intolerable situation.

This urge to change things has been inspired in large part by the realization

ly themselves. Many groups blacks young people, women—have realized how much political muscle their numbers provide and organized in recent years to demand and get attention and help from federal, state and local officials. The aged are following their lead. No longer content to pass their days playing checkers or weaving potholders at senior citizens' centers, a growing number of elderly Americans are banding together to make their wishes known. Several thousand of them have joined a five-year-old group known informally as the Gray Panthers, whose leader, a retired Philadelphia social worker named Maggie Kuhn, 69, is ded-



BEANO GAME AT NATICK, MASS., SENIOR CITIZENS' CENTER

The system needs changing, not the people.

that other countries have done so much more than the U.S. in caring for the elderly. Sweden, Denmark and Norway have used part of the mountain of taxes collected from their citizens (as high as 50% of most salaries in Sweden) to ease many of the burdens of aging. In Sweden, city governments run housing developments where the aged can live close to transportation and recreational activities. Denmark, with a population of 5 million, houses many of its more than 600,000 elderly in subsidized houses or apartments and helps those who want to remain in their own homes by providing them with day helpers and meals. Those who need nursing homes find them a considerable cut above most of their American counterparts, with their excellent design, many look like modern hotels.

Another force behind the new impetus for change is the growing political power and militancy of the elder-

ly. The Panthers have agitated for better housing and medical care and more employment opportunities for the elderly. "Most organizations tried to adjust old people to the system," says Miss Kuhn, "and we want none of that. The system is what needs changing."

The system is changing, and it is likely to change even further. Politicians, aware that the elderly are more likely to register and vote than the young, are listening when senior citizens speak. So are younger people. The new interest is encouraging. Americans have for too long turned their backs on their old people. Now many are seeing them for the first time, recognizing their plight and moving to help them. The interest and action are both humane and pragmatic. Today, millions of Americans are wondering what to do about their parents. Tomorrow, their children will be wondering what to do about them.

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Leap Frog

FRENCH CONNECTION II

Directed by JOHN FRANKENHEIMER
Screenplay by ALEXANDER JACOBS and
ROBERT and LAURIE DILLON

There was some unfinished business at the end of *The French Connection*. In fact, the unfinished business seemed just the point: that the French dope dealer so passionately pursued by the American cops could slip smoothly away through a massive stakeout and leave the country. The Frenchman was the source connection responsible for bring-

Gene Hackman is back behind the badge as Popeye Doyle. Comparisons with his initial appearance as Doyle are inevitable, especially since Hackman won the Oscar for that part the first time around. Here he is even better because the role has been extended and made a little more difficult. In *French Connection II*, Doyle is shipped over to Marseille complete with ankle gun and porkpie hat, a regular good-will ambassador from New York's finest. "I'd rather be a lamp post in New York than the President of France," he snarls at his Gallic counterpart (Bernard Fresson), who is supposed to cooperate with Doyle's mission: to run Frog One to ground.

The French cops know something Doyle does not. They are aware that he has been set up that the French and American police forces are using him as a decoy to flush out Charnier (Fernando Rey), the connection. The plan gets messy, however, when Charnier and his people sap Doyle in the street and drag him off to a seedy hotel, where for three long weeks they shoot him full of dope. When they finally dump him in front of police headquarters, Doyle is a heavy junkie.

Cold Turkey. The middle portion of the movie shows Doyle trying to go cold turkey, and it is here that Hackman does some of his finest work. Many actors have tried to get under a junkie's skin, but when Hackman weighs in, the subject might as well never have come up before. He gets it all: the desperation, the gargoyle fantasies, the sickness and the terror.

The movie is a fairly brutal character study up until the time Popeye finally, albeit tenuously, shakes off his habit. Then, as Doyle goes out for revenge, Frankenheimer changes gear smoothly into the sort of supercharged action adventure that gives memories of the original *French Connection* some stiff competition. Doyle and his French allies track Charnier's minions to the shipyards, where they start a shooting match that ends with the threat of the cops getting drowned like water rats and Doyle getting crushed under the keel of a freighter. It is a flamboyant sequence, intended to top the car chase in the first *Connection*. Whether it does or not, one will be disappointed. **■ Jay Cocks**



GENE HACKMAN DOING BATTLE IN *CONNECTION II*
Good-will ambassador from New York's finest.

ing in vast quantities of heroin from Marseille to New York. Frog One, Popeye Doyle called him, and the fact that he could get away nearly unruined meant simply that the law could never catch up with the main man.

It made a good object lesson but a slightly unsatisfying ending. *French Connection II* gives Popeye Doyle another shot, a real fighting chance at his nemesis. Allowing for the arguable proposition that any sequel was necessary, *French Connection II* is one that is tough, shrewd and fast. The movie is exciting, even frightening, but never loses its strong naturalistic grip. It also represents the most assured work its director John Frankenheimer has done since *Seconds* in 1966.



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Airy Adventure

TOUCH AND GO

Directed by PHILIPPE DE BROCA

Screenplay by JEAN-LOUIS DABADIE

Lighter than helium and just about as dense, this adventure farce is a pleasant enough way to pass a little time. Director Philippe de Broca (*That Man from Rio, Cartouche*) has a blithe liking for unlikely situations and hapless heroes. Here, a French gunrunner (Michel Piccoli) and a British officer (Michael York) dash about North Africa during the early days of World War II, trying to avoid the Germans and get back to safety. Our boys do fairly well for themselves, but the stresses of escape and pursuit weigh heavily. Let's surrender, suggests the Englishman after a particularly grueling day. "Why," asks his French ally. "Because," says the Englishman, with invincible and poignant common sense. "I'm hungry."

Adding edge to quite another type of appetite is their third companion, the wife of the Swiss ambassador (Marlene Jobert). She gives the men asylum and a ride past the German checkpoint where things do not go well. The Germans are suspicious, and the wife tears off into the desert like an ace getaway driver. The bullets fly, and it is all great fun. Jobert also takes a shine to her two anxious soldiers of fortune, although which one she truly loves becomes a source of good-humored competition.

Touch and Go remains casual about matters of plot, however, and gets away in its joking. There are too many Italian-army gags, for example, all having to do with stupidity or cowardice. Even more drastic, the film has an insinuating cuteness, like De Broca's much-cherished *King of Hearts*. De Broca works hard at being likable, and makes it finally, altogether too easy. **B- J.C.**

Industrial State

LULU THE TOOL

Directed by UGO PETRI

Screenplay by UGO PETRI and LEO PETRI

This is a sharp, gangled, slightly bemused assault on the indignities that capitalism inflicts on the worker, as well as a few other indignities that the worker turns against the bosses. The movie is angry but wry about it, indignant without being incendiary. It is less like a Maslov cocktail, say, than a water balloon.

The original title of *Lulu the Tool* was *The Working Class Goes to Paradise*, a grand-prizewinner at Cannes in 1972. There is no good reason why it has taken so long to come Stateside—the diminishing market for foreign films probably has something to do with it—and even less cause for the U.S. distributor's cutting 28 minutes from the original. Petri obviously intended the film to have a slightly frenetic quality and edited it accordingly, as if to dis-

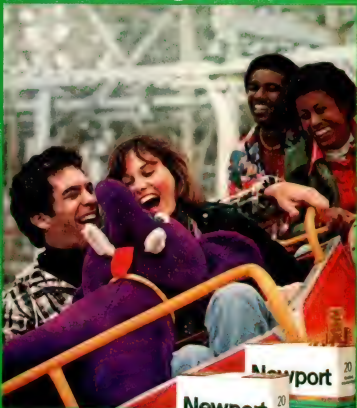
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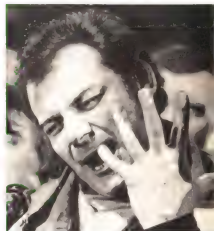
Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's, 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

CINEMA

plicate the nerve-shredding tension of a day in the factory. The additional cutting makes the rhythm of the film even more ragged than it should be.

Lulu has a blustery intensity that finds its source largely in the superb performance of Gian Maria Volonte. He plays the conscientious and eventually disconcerted Lulu with just the right mixture of dumb charm and derangement. It is Petri's thesis that the industrial state can be located somewhere between depersonalization and psychosis, and Volonte is eminently capable of covering the range in between. His Lulu is a creature of blind dedication with the best production record in the factory. No matter that he comes home too bushed to enjoy the amorous invitations of his mistress (the wonderful Mariangela Melato); no matter that his energy and commitment make his fellow-workers look bad; Lulu slaves away like a man possessed.

What possesses him is an empty,



VOLONTE IN *LULU THE TOOL*
Slaving away.

aimless ambition that forces him to do his piecework as if by rote. His one source of solace is an occasional visit to a friend, Militina, now grown old and a little crazy, who spends his time in the madhouse giving political speeches and reading a child's biography of Spartacus. Soon Lulu becomes as buggy as his friend. He turns rabidly political, delivers fiery speeches about the necessities of industrial reform, resistance and strike. For his pains, his mistress leaves him and the police beat him up. In politics as in work, Lulu's greatest quality—his enthusiasm—is eventually turned against him.

The Petri is a film maker of deft, sardonic talents (*We Still Kill the Old Way*, *Investigations of a Citizen Above Suspicion*, both starring Volonte). *Lulu* suggests no solutions. Petri takes great joy in the freedom of unrestricted attack and ignores the drudgery of coming up with answers. In fact, he could be counted on to mock anyone who dared to. — J.C.

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—Jackie Billingsley, Reservations Agent

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ask about our new 20 and 25%
discount fares to many cities.**



EASTERN

THE WINGS OF MAN



There were bridesmaids and ushers,
family and friends. (A moment we shared
with a church full of people.)
That day, I gave you a wedding ring
that told of all our hopes and dreams...
and today, I give you this.

It's called an eternity ring, and it tells of a love far deeper than we
could have hoped for or dreamed of back then.
And this makes it a moment for nobody else but us.

A diamond eternity ring.



The eternity ring. A full or half
circle of diamonds... for an
anniversary or the birth of a child.
Ask your jeweler for the booklet,
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Return to Good-Times Rock

The conga line forms midway through the Beach Boys' second encore, a lilting paean to puberty called *California Girls*. By the time the song ends, the line has grown to 5,000 teen-agers and is snaking all over Kansas City, Mo.'s Arrowhead Stadium. Turning toward the stage, the churning serpent finds a lion's voice "Chicago, Chicago!" As 35,000 spectators pick up the chant, seven young men amble onstage to join the Beach Boys for a socko finale. They are the group known as Chicago. With five guitarists, two drummers and a three-piece brass section wailing, the combined bands form a rock juggernaut that quickly transforms the stadium into an enormous, throbbing, outdoor discotheque. The crowd has been on its feet for most of the six-hour concert.

In the entire history of rock, there have been few groups as popular or durable as the Beach Boys and Chicago. Between them they have sold over 65 million records and survived the popularity of scores of psychedelic, protest and glitter groups. For more than a decade, the anthem of the Beach Boys has been sweet, close harmony, and its gospel essentially nothing more profound than the joys of teen-age love, uncluttered California freeways and the eternal search for the perfect wave. As for Chicago, they are hard-jazz rockers whose first album in 1969 included a taped replay of some of the street violence at the Democratic Convention the year before.

The joining of the Beach Boys and Chicago has turned out to be the event of the burgeoning outdoor rock season. By the end of their twelve-city trek, the double bill will have played to a total au-

dience of 700,000 and grossed an estimated \$7.5 million. Though allowances may be recession-tight, and the price of gas high enough to make cruising prohibitive, the kids have poured into town just as though the music were an old-time religion.

Unaffected by the anguish of the recent past, they are waving off hard drugs and hard political lines in favor

BEACH BOY MIKE LOVE



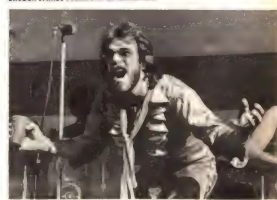
of good-time music and that oldest of adolescent verities: fun. Gone are the trademarks of yesteryear: denim fatigues, dove-crowned peace flags, bottles of Ripple wine. In their place can be found pastel tennis shoes, American flags and Tab. Many fans come in halter tops for a suntan and to be part of the carnival scene. They just want to dance boogie and sing along. Says Chicago Lyricist Robert Lamm, 30: "These days nobody wants to hear songs that have a message."

American Context. One of the first to detect the trend to conservatism was James William Guercio, 29, a former Mothers of Invention guitarist turned millionaire moviemaker (*Electra Glide in Blue*). He manages Chicago and occasionally sits in on bass with the Beach Boys. Guercio brought the groups together. Garbed in a baggy football jersey bearing his last name and the nu-

DANCING IN THE FRONT ROW



SINGER JAMES PANKOW OF CHICAGO



YOUNG FANS CLAP ALONG AT CHICAGO-BEACH BOYS CONCERT IN KANSAS CITY



MUSIC

meral I and sitting in the living room of his \$30,000 mobile home, Guercio tries to explain it all: "The American experience is found in Southern California and the streets of Chicago. These bands sing about youth, love and marriage in an American context. America—it's the common denominator."

Inside the Kansas City stadium where TIME Correspondent David DeVoss caught the show, three acrobats and a high-wire aerialist warmed up the audience. Vaudeville too is a common denominator. The Beach Boys came out first and launched into *Sloop John B*. Later came *Sail On Sailor* and *Surfer Girl*, all close-harmony classics. The Boys broke the aquatic mood by asking the kids to sit down during a reverent *cappella* version of *Their Hearts Were Full of Spring*. Obviously, the avoidance of message was no sweat for the Beach Boys. At their peak, in the early and middle 1960s, it was not necessary to live in California to understand them. Everyone knew what it meant to *Be True to Your School*, and there was room in every male imagination for a *Surfer Girl*. The only time the Beach Boys ever took up political topics was in their 1971 album *Surf's Up*, in which they dabbled in ecology (*Don't Go Near the Water*) and warned their followers of the perils of mob action (*Student Demonstration Time*).

Turnabout Play. Chicago invested more in protest. In early songs they sang out against police brutality, linked Viet Nam and the riot in Watts and protested the student apathy that followed the Kent State killings. Their 1971 album, *Chicago III*, contained a war-casualty poster. *Chicago Live at Carnegie Hall* came with a chart explaining voter-registration procedures. But the group's message songs have regularly been outnumbered by pulsating instrumentals. Four of Chicago's seven members studied at music schools, and the group's glory has been a classically constructed mix of jazz-rock, rhythm and blues, calypso and country. So it was last week. There was no sitting down while Chicago blasted out such ballads as *Saturday in the Park* and their new Top 20 record, *Old Days*.

Rock as a social force may well be dead, but the music itself is getting more varied and lively all the time. Jazz and country, for example, now play as important a part in rock as blues and folk. Anyway, says Lamm, "we always considered ourselves professional musicians, not pop stars or politicians. The world in the past two years has done a 180° turn in terms of political expression." Turnabout can be fair play for both performer and listener. Says Beach Boy Mike Love, 34: "We're giving the kids something positive for their money, and it appears that it is working in our favor." As a way of savoring the favor, the Beach Boys will include their own version of *Battle Hymn of the Republic* on their next album.

Dance of Life

A CHORUS LINE

Conceived, choreographed and

directed by MICHAEL BENNETT

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH

Lyrics by EDWARD KLEBAN

In the American musical, dance has sketched a profile of the U.S., both geographically and psychologically. There has been the rustic rondelay, a hand-holding, earth-stamping ritual testifying to the vernal purity of the prairie. There has been the subway serenade—urban jostle, excitement and speed. Always there has been the brassy audacity of a nation that flung railroads like dice across the breadth of a vast continent.

WALTER D'ARCO



AUDITIONING CANDIDATES HOLD UP PICTURES OF THEMSELVES IN A CHORUS LINE
Not the false step of a foot but the fall of a psyche.

And the solitary tremolo has also been heard, the soft-shoe shuffle, the wistful Tom Sawyerish scuffing of the stage boards that says Americans experience an isolating loneliness as if by the providence of birth.

In *A Chorus Line*, Michael Bennett, who may be a direct descendant of Terpsichore, has added to the dance vocabulary of the U.S. musical. He has made dance a central theme as well as a supremely exhilarating act. The chorus line is his symbol of mass anonymity. It is also his symbol of teamwork, with the emphasis equally distributed between team and work. Bennett distills one more element. Behind the faceless mass, there is a face:

behind the dazzling precision of the dance, there is a terrifying vulnerability, not the false step of a foot but the crippling fall of a psyche. In a chorus line each body is more or less equal in the eyes of the beholder, but each spirit is separate—an individual with hopes, fears and desires.

The structure of the show is that of the audition, the Spanish Inquisition of the theater. Unseen, speaking with the muffled voice of Kafka's God, the casting director asks each of the potential finalists for an accounting of his life and his love for dance and the theater. These accounts are just as mawkish, banal, self-absorbed and dream-bent as would be those of any of the playgoers. They are redeemed by humor and honesty.

Of these confessions, Sammy Williams' is the most affecting; he plays a boy who was first called "my son" by his father after the old man caught his act as a drag queen. As anyone who saw *Follies* could guess, a Michael Bennett dance takes the parade-ground drill of the Radio City Rockettes and raises it to a Platonic ideal. As a dancer-cum-actress, Donna McKechnie is an uncrowned star. But just to indicate the medals that the entire cast has earned, they have collectively appeared in 88 different productions, in which they have given a total of 37,095 performances. If they were polled, they might vote *A Chorus Line* as their finest two hours.

■ T.E. Kalem

A day in the life of a tobacco tester.

Right off we should dispel the notion that a tobacco tester is some sort of human smoking machine who spends his working day puffing pipefuls of tobacco in solitary confinement.

The fact is a tobacco tester is very human except that he has extraordinarily gifted senses. And he works at his specialty but two hours a day. Any longer than that would send his taste buds helter-skelter and render his sense of smell senseless.

THE RITUAL BEGINS.

Before he even smokes the tobacco, he sniffs it. Cuddles it. Ogles it. And lets all his senses wallow in it. Only then does he light up and draw his first puff.

He contemplates the flavor for a few moments. Then he draws again. He repeats the process till his senses have formed an opinion. Then he commits it to paper. After which, if he so desires, he may pour himself a glass of milk.



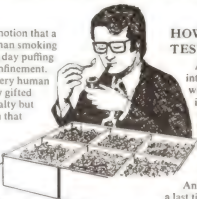
WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A TOBACCO TESTER.

Unless a man is born to the craft he cannot be trained to be a tobacco tester. He not only must have a natural nose for tobacco, but he must possess an innate taste for it. And an abiding love for it. He has what can best be described as perfect pitch.

And then we train him. He's taught what to look for in the various leaves we purchase from 'round the world. And the characteristics of the four curing processes, i.e., Flue, Air, Sun and Fire.

When we finish our training our gifted man can detect when a blend is baritone where it should be tenor. When the Burley comes from the States and when it comes from Mexico. And just about how long a tobacco was aged.

A tobacco tester's day begins in a cheery, convivial atmosphere. (At least that is the working environment he enjoys at Douwe Egberts, in Joure, Holland, where he tests Amphora pipe tobacco.) He sits at a table in a large, airy room facing five other testers on our Smoking Panel. In the center of the table are 50 or 60 little baskets of pipe tobacco. Some of them hold ours. Some of them hold competitive tobaccos.



HOW MANY TIMES DO OUR TESTERS TEST AMPHORA?

Actually three times before it finds its way into your pipe. The first testing takes place when the raw leaves arrive at our facilities in Joure. Each barrel is opened and the contents are sampled. And even in this natural stage the leaves are tested to be sure they meet our standards. Later, after the blend is aged via our slow Cavendish process, we test for flavor, aroma and mildness.

And for good measure we test a last time after

Amphora is in the pouch. Our testers have so much clout they can single-handedly reject a full day's production if they detect the slightest variation of our theme. That's how our testers keep our quality control under control.



WHO TESTS THE TESTERS?

Handcrafted pipe by Nording of Denmark

To see if a tester's nose is really on its toes, we might slip in some strain of tobacco that is foreign to our blend. Or we might mis-identify certain tobaccos to see if our testers can identify them. Alone or in a blend. That way we can tell if they can tell who's who and which is which in pipe tobacco.

We don't do these things to purposely give our testers a bad time. And we don't do these things to play games. We do it because we believe it is part and parcel in producing the best pipe tobacco in the world. Amphora.



SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

Our new brochure, "A Man and His Pipe," is packed full of information designed to increase your pipe smoking pleasure. If you would like a free copy, or if you have any specific questions on pipes and pipe tobacco, drop a note to the President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., Bldg. 1, 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Ca. 91311.



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And to the Equitable Agent, there's nobody else like you.

THE EQUITABLE
There's nobody else like you.

CONSUMERS

Spending the Tax Rebate

Tax-rebate checks of \$100 to \$200 each are now on their way to or already in the hands of nearly 40 million people (out of a total of 70 million who will eventually receive them), making more urgent the biggest economic question of the moment: What will consumers do with the bulk of the money? Use it to repay old bills? Tuck it away in savings accounts? Or spend it promptly in ways that could help the economy recover from its worst slump since the 1930s? Last week a survey by TIME correspondents clearly indicated that most of the early dollars are indeed being spent quickly. This finding strengthens hopes that an upsurge in consumer buying, fueled by \$8.1 billion of rebate money being paid out in May and June, will lead to an early launching of the long-awaited recovery from recession.

Many consumers are using the money to finance purchases of essential goods and services that they could have ill afforded otherwise. Helen Wood, a saleswoman for an Atlanta office-supply firm, spent her \$139 check on children's bathing suits and some clothes for herself. A Pittsburgh mother of five says that she cashed her check and used it for food and household supplies —without telling her husband. Detroit Secretary Virginia Donohue is paying for dental work with her rebate. "It's a godsend," she exclaims.

More Willing. Other consumers, less impressed by the size of their rebates, are treating them as found money to be spent on trips, gifts and a variety of luxuries. Chicago Travel Agent Jill Jahnke, 29, is using her \$100 check to help pay for a trip to Nassau. "I guess I'll still be eating chicken and tuna fish when I get back," she quips.

A large number of consumers say that they are more willing to spend their rebate money now than they would have been earlier this year because they have less fear of hard times. Last week the Government reported that manufacturers' orders for durable goods jumped 9.8% in April, the biggest hike since 1967. Consumer prices in April rose at an annual rate of 7.4%, about double the abnormally low March pace, but the increase was still less than in any month during 1974. Consumers may not follow the detailed figures, but they have heard the forecasts of upturn, and some are acting on them.

"If I'd received this check three months ago, I'd probably have banked it," says Chicago Widow Eulae Birchmeir. Instead she will use her \$171.50 rebate to buy opera and symphony

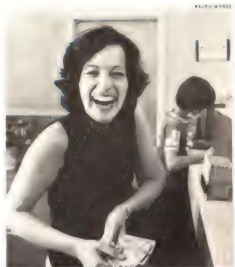
tickets and pay off a credit-card bill.

Predictably, consumers are less enthusiastic in areas where unemployment has climbed well above the national average of 8.9%. In hard-pressed Maine, surveys by the *Bangor Daily News* and *Brunswick Times-Record* show that many rebates are being saved or used to pay off debts. In Buffalo, where the jobless rate has reached 14.5%, a large savings bank reports that 150 to 200 rebate checks are being deposited each day. Such activity does not necessarily hurt the economy. Checks that are saved and used to buy consumer goods later will help spread the economic stimulus over a longer period of time; those that are banked indefinitely increase the supply of credit available to loan-seeking consumers and businessmen.

Still, the economy would unquestionably get a much bigger shot if consumers spent all the rebate checks immediately, and a few manufacturers have launched special promotions to encourage them to do just that. Chrysler advertises CONGRESS ACTS TO GIVE YOU A TAX REBATE... CHRYSLER ACTS TO MAKE IT GO FARTHER. The company is mailing \$200 rebate checks of its own to buyers of Darts and Valiants. Some retailers, too, are bidding for the rebate buck. Chicago's Goldblatt Bros., a department store chain, last week promised shoppers a 10% discount "on most items" if they bring in their rebate checks.

The effectiveness of some of these campaigns remains to be seen. Though many consumers seem ready to spend, they are not yet going for big-ticket appliances like color TV sets, and even less for new cars. Echoing the view of many

JAMES A. DEPRIS



CASHING FEDERAL CHECK IN NEW JERSEY



SHOPPING FOR FURNITURE IN ATLANTA

PUBLIC NOTICE
SPEND YOUR U.S. GOVT.
INCOME TAX
REBATE CHECK AT
GOLDBLATTS
AND WE'LL GIVE YOU
10% DISCOUNT
ON ALL YOUR PURCHASES

RETAIL PROMOTION IN ILLINOIS

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

in the depressed auto industry. Bangor Dodge Dealer Phillip McFarland says that the rebates have done nothing for his business. "I just don't think it's that important to an individual when he's buying a car," he adds.

Second Push. Economists are betting that revived consumer spending for a broad variety of goods can get an upturn going without an immediate lift from the auto industry. The new question to which some are turning: What will those retailers and manufacturers who do benefit from rebate spending do with the money? If they in turn step up their outlays to order more goods and increase production, the economy will get a second upward push from the rebates during the last half of this year.

ANTITRUST

The Monster Case

What has digested 50 million pieces of paper, chewed on 500 witnesses and has 38 legs? Answer: the rival teams of lawyers appearing in court to argue the Government's mammoth IBM antitrust suit. The largest such case ever to go to trial in the U.S. finally got under way in a New York federal district court last week, even bringing the usually office-bound IBM chairman Frank T. Cary in to watch the opening session. Already, critics contend that the main thing the trial will prove is that the antitrust laws have become so complex to enforce in a modern economy that they are of little use in curbing business giantism.

The issues, to be sure, are important enough. One is a constantly vexing problem of antitrust law: how to define what "market" is involved. Raymond Carlson, 52, the Justice Department's chief lawyer for the case, contends that IBM controls a dominant 70% of the market for general-purpose computers and related equipment. IBM lawyers, led by Manhattan Attorney Thomas Barr, 44, and former Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, reply that the true market in which the company competes is the much broader one for all kinds of electronic data-processing equipment, and that in any case a 70% share has not constituted a monopoly in previous cases.

Another issue: How did IBM achieve its pre-eminent position? The Government says it used predatory tactics. Barr retorted in court last week that the company's success resulted simply from "better products, greater productive efficiency, better service, right judgments about the future at key periods of time and the willingness [of management] to back those judgments." To support its claim that its triumphs have been based on quality, IBM is likely to call as witnesses purchasing agents of its biggest (between \$4 billion and \$6 billion annually) customer: the U.S. Government itself.



IBM CHAIRMAN FRANK T. CARY

Predatory or just better?

The most impressive aspects of the case, however, are its complexity and the time it is consuming. Pretrial discovery proceedings took more than six years, during which a special crew had to assemble six sets of 60,000 key pages (two sets each for the court, IBM and the Government) and wound up delaying the trial for months when they bolted the copying and collating. Chief Judge David N. Edelstein figures that the nonjury trial will end sometime in 1976, and it might take him another year to reach a decision. Appeals could carry the case into the 1980s. And then, should IBM be judged a monopoly, comes the question of what to do about it. Government lawyers have asked the court to break up IBM but have not yet specified into how many companies of what size. In the event of a Government victory, wrangling over such questions will also add to the timetable.

Meanwhile, markets may change. The Government has already filed two

FEDERAL JUDGE DAVID N. EDELSTEIN



previous suits to trim IBM. Judge Edelstein supervised the 1956 settlement of the last such case and ruled that IBM should divest itself of or reform much of its electric accounting-machine division. But by then the business had changed so radically that IBM already was voluntarily moving out of such machines. The Government, says Washington Lawyer C. Jack Pearce, "had to sue the third time because the first two times didn't do it—whatever it was they were trying to do."

Because of the complexities and enormous time delay, says Democratic Senator Frank Church of Idaho, monopoly laws "are only an empty gesture now." Yet few alternatives are in sight. Two reforms suggested by some lawyers and politicians are 1) cutting down on legal battling by giving a tax break to company shareholders if they agree to a Government-sought divestiture; and 2) eliminating antitrust trials entirely by having Congress legislate divestiture for specific industries. Whatever the merits, neither course seems likely of adoption, at least not without a battle as long as a major antitrust trial.

SCANDALS

The American Way?

As they have expanded round the world, U.S.-based multinational corporations have poured hundreds of millions of dollars into dozens of foreign countries. In some of these, outright bribery or thinly disguised payoffs to politicians are the accepted way of getting just about anything done—from obtaining routine licenses to killing unfavorable tax legislation. "There is no universal ethical absolute," says Gulf Oil Corp. Chairman Bob Dorsey. "What is immoral to some is perfectly correct to others." The willingness of American corporations to go along with this system has now exploded into a spreading scandal, and the bad publicity has embarrassed both the corporations and the governments involved. Last week came one of the more dramatic reactions. The government of Bolivia, demanding to know the names of all officials who had received \$460,000 in political "contributions" from Gulf in the 1960s, jailed Gulf's only known employee in Bolivia, Carlos Dorado, and demanded that Gulf Dorsey appear in a Bolivian court to answer charges of "crimes against public order and the official economy." It also was conceivable that Bolivia could stop some \$50 million in payments still owed to Gulf as a result of Bolivia's nationalization of the company's holdings six years ago.

Bolivia's actions seemed a show of pique that might well pass as soon as the government found out who was paid off. The only name Gulf has disclosed so far is that of René Barrientos, Bolivia's President from 1964 to 1969, who



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we missed dinner
at your house?**

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17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

received a \$110,000 helicopter from Gulf in exchange for doing what he could to forestall nationalization and assure the company of lucrative drilling rights in Bolivia. (Barrientos died in a helicopter crash six years ago; officials assert the chopper was not the craft purchased by Gulf.) Still to be accounted for are two additional payments of \$240,000 and \$110,000 to Barrientos supporters.

Gulf officials in the U.S. said that they would supply names at "the earliest possible moment." (Dorsey remarked that "people just don't write memos about things like that.") Arguing for Dorado's release Gulf contended that he had "no involvement whatsoever" in the payoffs. Last week, however, a Bolivian judge ruled that there were "indications of guilt" against him. Dorado asserted that he was only a low-level employee responsible for transport, administration and public relations. The government's real target was Dorsey, who said: "They have no power to extradite me and I have no intention of going to Bolivia." The Bolivian press reported quoted a judge as saying that the Bolivians would go so far as to ask the U.S. Supreme Court to order Dorsey or a representative to La Paz.

Bolivia's moves showed just how high official anger is running against U.S. multinational firms, chiefly oil companies, for their widening payoffs. In South Korea, U.S. and Japanese firms reportedly budget 5% or 10% of operating funds to pay off avaricious local politicians and political parties.

Hidden Payments. The trigger for the current round of admissions was Dorsey's testimony two weeks ago before the Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations that Gulf had paid \$4 million under pressure to South Korea's ruling Democratic Republican Party between 1966 and 1971. Mobil, Exxon and Standard Oil of California have admitted making payoffs—which they contend are legal—to politicians in Canada and Italy. Last week the *Wall Street Journal* reported that at least eight companies, Gulf included, had paid some \$16 million to Italian politicians and bureaucrats in return for various subsidies and tax breaks.

Payoffs to foreign politicians do not themselves violate U.S. law, but hiding them on company books may breach federal corporate disclosure requirements. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission added General Refractories Co. of Bala Cynwyd, Pa., a maker of furnace linings and construction materials, to a list of companies accused of making unreported foreign payments that already includes Gulf, United Brands, Northrop, Phillips Petroleum and Ashland Oil. The SEC says General Refractories made "payments to certain foreign officials" without accounting for them, and also allowed an Austrian businessman, Hermann Mayer, to secretly accumulate 17% of the company's stock.

Byzantine Land Fraud

In Florida, where land scandals date back to the 1920s, state officials have uncovered what could be the biggest and most Byzantine fraud of them all. As many as 80,000 investors and buyers of lots may have been bilked of \$1 billion by development companies and mortgage brokers in Southern Florida. According to investigators, the Ponzi-like scheme worked this way: the developers bought nearly worthless tracts of land, subdivided them and sold homesites at inflated prices; they used the proceeds to pay high interest on bogus notes sold to investors under a false claim that the notes were secured by first mortgages on the homesites. When the recession slowed lot sales, many developers defaulted. Investors who tried to foreclose discovered that the real first mortgages were held by banks and other original lenders, so that they had no claim. Last week TIME Atlanta Correspondent Jack White talked with victims and investigators in Florida. His report:

Many of the victims are self-admitted patsies, whose usual wariness evaporated in dreams of heady 12%-14% interest. "Sure I was a sucker. I thought I could double our money," concedes Philip Profta, 60, a Fort Myers machinist who bought \$21,000 worth of promissory notes from now defunct Homestate Investments Inc. Even though a local banker warned him against it, Floyd Campbell, 69, a retired service engineer, invested \$35,000 in what he thought was first mortgages in a Continental Investments Inc. development. "The banker said he couldn't afford to pay interest like that," Campbell recalls, "so I said what the hell." Many victims were lulled into a false sense of security by news-

paper advertising. One of Homestate's ads read, 10.85%-12.85% EFFECTIVE RETURN... EVERY DOLLAR INVESTED IS 100% SECURED BY FIRST MORTGAGES AND CONTRACTS FOR DEEDS.

According to the victims, state authorities might have stopped the bogus deals long ago. In April 1974, Richard Booth, then an assistant state attorney general, outlined the schemes to four state law-enforcement officials and warned that they could result in "the loss of millions of dollars to many innocent parties." Little action was taken on the warning. Instead, complaints appear to have been bucked from one state agency to another, while each tried to determine if it had jurisdiction. Last week State Representative H. Paul Nuckolls called for a legislative investigation of the "cover-up" by agencies.

Assistant State Attorney Louis St. Laurent has begun probing alleged security violations by 36 interlocking development and securities sales companies that did business in the Fort Myers area. By his estimate, investors in Lee County alone were bilked of \$50 million. The loss by noteholders throughout the U.S. could reach \$350 million. Even that sum could be dwarfed by the losses suffered by people who bought lots. In many cases, developers sold lots for about ten times the \$200 to \$400 they had paid for them in new "developments" that could not be built because they are partially under water even during the dry season or zoned for agricultural purposes.

Until last week, state officials had taken only one case to court. During the proceedings, Equitable Development Inc. of Miami Beach, which had sold some \$8 million worth of notes to 700 investors, agreed not to sell any more with-

EQUITABLE PRESIDENT HOROWITZ IN MIAMI BEACH



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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

out the state's consent. Controller Gerald Lewis is now seeking to have the firm put into receivership. Equitable President Bernard Horowitz says the state is indulging in a "witch hunt" and claims that "all land-development companies work in the same fashion."

Many prosecutors contend that civil actions of the kind brought against Equitable are ineffective. Joseph D'Alessandro, state attorney in Fort Myers, says the companies involved "just take off one hat and put on another." Last July the Securities and Exchange Commission forced Homestate to stop selling notes, but within a few days, three of Homestate's officers had opened new securities-sales companies. Apparently the authorities will use more forceful tactics now. At week's end they were preparing criminal prosecutions in both West Palm Beach and Fort Myers.

ASIA

Orphaned Cornucopia

Even as Cambodia and South Viet Nam were falling to Communist armies, millions of dollars in U.S. aid to those countries were still surging through the pipeline across the Pacific. The Defense and State Departments acted immediately to turn off the flow: they rescinded letters of credit to recipients, canceled orders to suppliers, and cabled ships at sea to "frustrate" their cargoes (that is, dump them) at the nearest port. Result: military aid was routed directly to U.S. bases but non-military goods are piling up in warehouses all over Asia, especially in Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong and Manila.

The U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) has dispatched a dozen or so troubleshooters in the Far East to take inventory of the orphaned aid and figure out something to do with it. They have found that goods are still pouring in as if conjured up by some sorcerer's apprentice, even though it is scarcely conceivable that the shippers would not have got Kissinger's orders by now. "I expect things to keep coming out of the woodwork for the next 45 to 60 days," sighs Clifford Frink, 54, senior AID man in Hong Kong.

Estimates of how much the troubleshooters may eventually find range from \$50 million to \$100 million or more. It is a cornucopia of miscellany—"everything from vaginal foam to cement mixers," says one AID official. Among the items found so far: tin plate, steel sheet, chemicals, dies, pumps, cotton, newsprint, fork-lift trucks, photocopying machines. Says Frink in Hong Kong: "We have part of a rice mill. It may be an entire rice mill—I won't know until I get into the boxes. The same thing with an edible oil mill. There is a big shipment of ladles. Our hunch is that they are ladles for pouring glass."

What to do with it all? AID officials will divert some of the goods to nations that the U.S. is still assisting, not to expand programs but to fill existing commitments. Foodstuffs, mainly rice, wheat and corn, will go primarily to Bangladesh, India and perhaps Egypt. But industrial goods pose a much tougher problem. They were intended for the sophisticated economic base that the U.S. wanted to build in South Viet Nam until the very end. (The *Mayaguez*, for instance, was unloading 3,000 tons of industrial goods—just what is still not

clear—when it hastily had to leave Saigon in mid-April.) AID officials are committed to no similar development of other aid-receiving nations, and while they look around for a use for the goods, helmy warehouse bills are piling up.

AID will try to persuade suppliers in the U.S. to buy back some of the homeless goods. Whatever they do not want will have to be peddled to Asian entrepreneurs, some of whom are already expressing interest. Their average offer so far: 10¢ on the dollar.

MONEY

An Invalid Abroad

The American dollar has been declining irregularly on world money markets for the past five years, but never in the postwar period has its value against major European currencies sunk so low for so long. Since last September, the greenback has fallen roughly 13% against the Belgian franc, Dutch guilder and West German mark, and has lost 20% of its former worth in French and Swiss francs. Last week U.S. currency fell below the level of four francs to the dollar for the first time since 1973—and the consequences of its slump were making some disturbing waves.

On a state visit to the U.S., the Shah of Iran disclosed that the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries will probably use the weakness of the dollar to justify another increase in oil prices this fall. The oil producers have complained repeatedly that the shrinking value of the dollar, which is the chief currency used in oil transactions, has steadily reduced their ability to buy industrialized goods. Indeed, an unconfirmed press report out of Saudi Arabia last week asserted that OPEC was planning to lift oil prices by an unspecified amount as early as June. Washington officials discount the report, but they do not rule out an oil price boost of up to 15% in September.

Americans traveling abroad, especially in Europe, are running into noticeably high prices. Part of the reason is European inflation. But, relatively, prices for Americans spending weakened U.S. currency are even higher. A single room at such hotels as Amsterdam's Hilton and Cologne's Inter-Continental now cost at least \$50 a night, as low as \$35 18 months ago. A modest dinner for two in Switzerland—cheese fondue and a bottle of wine—can run to \$30. In Paris, peaches from Southern France sell for the equivalent of \$8 each, and a cup of coffee rarely costs less than 60¢.

Moreover, as the dollar's value shrivels, the cost of foreign imports into the U.S. swells, contributing to American inflation. A fully equipped Volkswagen Rabbit, for instance, can now carry a price tag of nearly \$4,000—as much as a medium-sized Ford Granada

HONG KONG WAREHOUSE GLUTTED WITH SOYBEANS ORIGINALLY BOUND FOR INDOCHINA



On the other hand, the dollar's dip helps U.S. exports by reducing their price in foreign countries.

The strangest aspect of the dollar's slump is that it continues despite wide agreement among fiscal experts that the greenback is now drastically undervalued. According to the West German Statistical Office, a dollar in the U.S. now buys as many goods as 2.94 marks will in Germany—yet the dollar was being traded in Germany last week for only 2.33 marks. The most immediate reason is that for months, American interest rates have been dropping, while in Europe rates were rising. Seeking the highest return, investors, including American-based multinational firms, have been dumping dollars and buying into currencies such as the franc. In France the prime interest rate now is more than 12% v. as little as 7% in the U.S.

Foreign money men have hope that the dollar may be nearing the end of its decline—especially if prospects for an upturn in the U.S. economy continue to improve. But nobody expects a strong rebound, much less a return to the robust exchange rates of the 1960s. Too many dollars spilled out by years of U.S. international deficits are still sloshing around the world, and as long as that continues, the once mighty greenback is likely to remain an invalid abroad.

LABOR

A Vicious Circle

Canada this year faces bleak economic prospects: inflation is running at an 11.1% annual rate, production growth seems likely to be zero, and unemployment is expected to rise from the current 7.2% to 10%. One major reason for all this is a peculiarly vicious circle to keep up with inflation, workers have been demanding huge wage settlements that fuel further inflation. Strikes have also disrupted production enough to increase unemployment more than the recession alone would have done.

In 1974 Canada lost a total of 9.3 million man-days of work as a result of strikes. Among the 24 industrialized, non-Communist nations belonging to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, only Italy had a poorer record. This year the trouble is likely to be even worse. All together, 1.5 million workers will be affected by contract negotiations this year, twice as many as in 1974. While the Canadian economy was booming and profits were high, as was still the case during 1973 and early 1974, private and government employers generally gave in to labor's demands for higher pay. Now that Canada's economy is clearly slumping, bosses will be more frequently inclined to say no. Already this year, nurses, schoolteachers, dockworkers, airport firemen, traffic controllers and runway



EMBATTLED QUEBEC FEDERATION OF LABOR RALLYING IN A SUBURB OF MONTREAL

maintenance crews have walked off their jobs.

During the last quarter of 1974, Canadian wage boosts averaged 17.2%, more than twice the typical American raise during the same period. Pacts signed so far in 1975 have provided increases ranging from 29% to 80% over the next two years or so. The increases have forced up the price of some exports and consequently reduced their competitiveness in foreign markets—a serious matter for a nation that depends on exports for 30% of its gross national product. And the walkouts have been crimping the economy directly. Last fall, for example, grain handlers on the west coast

around Vancouver struck for seven weeks. They returned only after the Canadian Parliament imposed a settlement and after Japan and China had shifted some orders for grain—Canada's most important export—to the U.S. and elsewhere. The national postal system was weakened so badly by periodic rotating work stoppages last year that some mail sent in November is only now being delivered. Sorters in Montreal post offices continue to stage wildcat strikes in hopes of winning a gargantuan 71% pay increase and halting automation.

On Schedule? Currently, walkouts are threatening Canada's plans to serve as host for the 1976 Olympics, scheduled to be held in Montreal. Strikes and stoppages have so slowed construction of a new 70,000-seat stadium and other Olympic facilities as to raise a question of whether they can be ready in time. Last week, while the International Olympic Committee, meeting in Lausanne, Switzerland, received assurances from Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau that the games would be held



STRIKE-RIDDEN CONSTRUCTION SITE FOR OLYMPICS
Protesting a blunt report on corruption.

on schedule, construction workers in Quebec and at the Olympic construction site struck yet again, this time mainly to protest a blunt, 603-page report on corruption and crime in four Quebec Federation of Labor unions. The Quebec government had already voted to replace tainted leaders with government-appointed trustees.

Federal response to the labor troubles has been ineffective. "This country has done nothing to give anybody the impression that restraint was really necessary," says Carl Beigie, a member of TIME Canada's Board of Economists. Finance Minister John Turner has proposed a "consensus approach of voluntary wage controls, but it has been turned down by the Canadian Labor Congress. Compulsory wage and price controls were rejected wholeheartedly in last summer's election by the victorious Liberal Party campaigners. In any event, the government has not set a good example: last month both houses of Parliament voted to raise their salaries by 33%.

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Freedom of the City

Ever since their victory a month ago, the new rulers of South Viet Nam have treated the foreign press with a blend of low-key exhortation and surprisingly Western-style savvy. The Provisional Revolutionary Government (P.R.G.) has required the estimated 127 journalists in Saigon, including 27 from Communist nations, to register and pick up credentials. Otherwise it has allowed them and their Vietnamese stringers to roam freely around the city, now unofficially designated as Ho Chi Minh City. Carefully attentive, the P.R.G. has permitted Western reporters, including the eight Americans on hand for United Press International, the Associated Press, and the NBC and CBS television

from Cuba and Eastern Europe to fly to Hanoi with material that they have presumably relayed home and to the West. In recent days, the P.R.G. has stopped picture-taking of troops and street scenes, arresting and later releasing an offending Japanese cameraman, and has reduced its own news flow to a minimum. Only *Giai Phong* (Liberation), the P.R.G.'s daily newspaper, carries press reports, but they are usually three or four days old and consist of official statements and orders. In exasperation, a delegation of Western reporters, representing 120 correspondents from 13 countries, last week sent a letter of protest over the difficulties in gathering and transmitting news, photo and television film to the outside world and asked for permission to send out their own files

questioning P.R.G. leaders than they had quizzing officials of the Thieu regime. General Tran Van Tra, head of the military administration for Saigon, has held several press conferences; recently Chairman Nguyen Huu Tho skillfully exchanged banter with journalists at a victory ball in Thieu's old Independence Palace.

New Restrictions. Some observers attribute the intermittently "open coverage" to a realization by the North Vietnamese that press contacts with U.S. newsmen after the 1973 peace treaty were helpful; others reason that the P.R.G. wants U.S. aid to counterbalance Soviet and Chinese influence and thus seeks to ingratiate itself through the Western press. Flushed by success, the P.R.G. may simply be marking time and readying a new policy on foreign journalists. In fact, last week the P.R.G. slapped restrictions on travel outside the capital for "the near future"; it has delayed the departure of a number of Western newsmen who want to leave. At week's end no one knew whether these were isolated moves or signals that the phase of relative press freedom was about to give way to the old, familiar and throttling controls.

Denting the Shield

Successful investigative journalism has long depended on the court-recognized right of a reporter to protect his sources in most situations by withholding their names from public disclosure. Otherwise, ordinary citizens, fearful of retaliation by powerful people, might hesitate to speak out about wrongdoing. Two cases now seriously threaten to undercut that First Amendment right. In Fresno, Calif., a judge sentenced two editors and two reporters to serve indefinite terms in jail because they refused to reveal how their newspaper, the *Fresno Bee*, obtained and later printed sealed grand jury testimony. The testimony centered on a bribery and conspiracy indictment of a Fresno city councilman who was involved in city sewage- and garbage-collection contracts. The case became somewhat complicated when Superior Court Judge Denver C. Peckinpah (brother of "blood and guts" movie director Sam Peckinpah) discovered that one of the *Bee* newsmen had a passkey that gave him unlimited access to all offices in the courthouse (though a reporter from the *Oakland Tribune* also carried a similar key). Peckinpah called a hearing at which the newsmen refused to say how they had got hold of the grand jury transcripts. All four invoked the California shield law, which states that an editor or reporter "cannot be adjudged in contempt by a judicial, legislative, administrative body, or any other body having power



A.P.'s MATT FRANJOLA, PETER ARNETT & GEORGE ESPER WITH P.R.G. IN SAIGON
Cordial relations and growing exasperation.

networks—to hold onto their rooms at the Continental Palace and other choice hotels. Along with the P.R.G. troops, the newsmen can buy dated copies of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* still on the newsstands, using old Thieu-regime currency.

Weak Links. Living and working can be two different things. The foreign journalists have encountered serious problems in communicating with the outside world. Only last week did the P.R.G. finally permit cables to go directly to Hong Kong rather than through Hanoi, thereby reducing the time it takes for dispatches to reach Western countries from one to two days down to about three hours. The P.R.G. still does not allow direct telex, telephone, radio-photo or film links with Western countries, though it has permitted reporters

via a charter flight to Hong Kong.

Yet no journalists complain about censorship. True, some reporters tone down their dispatches in order to avoid giving offense, and parts of articles sometimes fail to reach the West. But newsmen have been able to write on the tensions between the northern and southern wings of the P.R.G. at the three-day victory celebrations in Saigon, on the reviving black market for scarce gasoline and on the rising wave of crime in Saigon. Indeed, one British correspondent, James Fenton, freely reported that "we Western reporters have been learning in the past few weeks that it is easy to strike up a conversation with North Vietnamese or Viet Cong soldiers, but it is another matter getting any meaningful information from them." Actually, reporters have had an easier time



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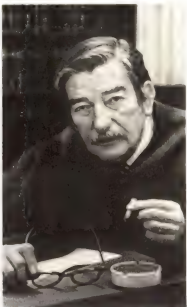
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JUDGE DENVER C. PECKINPAUGH
Reaching the source.

to issue subpoenas. "Nevertheless, Peckinpaugh promptly held them in contempt, claiming that the shield law unconstitutionally interfered with his judicial powers. Last week the district court of appeals stayed Peckinpaugh's sentences for a month while it decides whether to rule for the first time on the constitutionality of the shield law.

Transparently Flimsy. On the basis of the Supreme Court's *Gertz v. Welch, Inc.* decision of June 1974, a Hartford, Conn., judge ruled that former Publisher Gilbert N. Kelman of the weekly Wallingford (Conn.) *Post* would have to reveal his sources for an article that he wrote and published in October 1972; it linked a Boston philanthropist and dog-track promoter, Joseph M. Linsey, to underworld elements. District Court Judge M. Joseph Blumenfeld reversed his own ruling of two years ago, in which he rejected Linsey's demand, presented in a \$5 million libel suit against Kelman, for the names of two people quoted but not identified in the story. Citing the *Gertz* decision, Blumenfeld now held that Linsey might no longer be defined as a "public figure" and therefore was entitled to get at Kelman's sources in order to try to prove his case for libel. No matter what the consequences, Kelman has said, he will never reveal those sources. His lawyers are planning an appeal against the ruling that Linsey is now essentially a private citizen elevated to sudden renown by news events. Some legal observers also fear that a precedent set in this case will allow an individual to use a libel action to force disclosure of sources, even if the suit itself is transparently flimsy. The ultimate outcome of both cases could decisively shape the future of investigative journalism in the U.S.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, 62, multimillionaire horseman, and his third wife, former Chicago Socialite Jean Harvey, 38; after 18 years of marriage, three children; in an uncontested proceeding in Manhattan. The divorce followed almost two years of separation, during which Vanderbilt was seen frequently on and off the track with comely Jockey Robyn Smith, 29, who often rides wearing the cerise and white silks of Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm stables.

Died. Leroy Anderson, 66, pop composer-conductor; of lung cancer; in Woodbury, Conn. Anderson launched what became a long career in Tin Pan Alley with *Sleigh Ride*, in 1947, an instantly popular orchestral piece that established his relentlessly bouncy style. His 1952 *Blue Tango*, featuring 50 violins, became the first instrumental to top the record charts.

Died. Dame Barbara Hepworth, 72, British abstract sculptor; in a fire that ravaged her studio at St. Ives, Cornwall. A fellow traveler with the small band of venturesome Britons—including Sculptor Henry Moore and her second husband, Painter Ben Nicholson—who pioneered abstract art in the 1930s, Hepworth established her trademark in 1931 when she pierced a hole in a small carving to seize the viewer's eye. "I thought it was a small miracle," she later recalled. "A new vision was opened." Holes and hollows, sometimes painted to accentuate their depth, turned up in most of her 500 sculptures, among them such characteristically inviolated, smoothly chiseled figures as *Kneeling*, *Winged Figure*, and *Single Form*, her massive, 21-ft.-high bronze memorial to Dag Hammarskjöld at the United Nations. Drawing inspiration from the cliffs and curving shores of Cornwall as well as the human form, Hepworth regarded her work as "essentially practical and passionate; my whole life expressed in stone, marble, wood and bronze."

Died. Robert Moses "Lefty" Grove, 75, fireballing Hall-of-Fame pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics and Boston Red Sox from 1925-41; of an apparent heart attack; in Norwalk, Ohio. With his searing fastball, Grove regularly humiliated the most feared batters of his day, including Babe Ruth, whom he held to just nine home runs in ten seasons. Grove's two-season peak of 59 wins and only nine losses in 1930-31 remains unequalled, and so, for that matter, does his sizzling temper. Lefty often loudly chewed out teammates as "hittless wonders" after close losses, or "butterfingering s.o.b.s." when they committed errors. Just before he retired at 41, in 1941, he became the first pitcher in the "live ball" era to win 300 games.



Not for fun

On November 8, 1895, W. C. Röntgen, a German physicist, took this picture of his wife's hand. It was done by means of electrically generated invisible radiation capable of passing through opaque substances to form a shadow image on a photographic plate. For his discovery he received the first Nobel Prize ever awarded in physics. His mysterious rays became widely known by the mysterious letter X, but some of their significant properties became known only later. Meanwhile, enterprising photographers established "Roentgen studios" and did a lively business in "x-ray sittings."

Nobody sends x-rays through the human body for fun any more. Those who would put you under an x-ray machine must feel convinced from long years of study of the subject that more good than harm can be expected. Hippocrates, a Greek physician, formulated their ethic long ago. Today they are frequently offered improved tools by scientists and technologists like us, but theirs is the responsibility to accept or reject sales talk.

Perhaps the best we can offer them is broadened choice. Kodak's particular capability has to do with the capture of

information from invisible penetrating radiation, whether electrically generated by Professor Röntgen's method or emitted by radioactive substances with affinities for certain organs of the body.

The visible record can be drawn by complex electronics or by more direct methods. Screens of certain materials can absorb the invisible radiation and change it to light that acts on film. X-rays that merely pass through film and screen (just as they pass through skin and flesh) have passed through the body for naught. Better that they should be stopped by the screens and converted to light.

The news now is of a screen material with more stopping power. Therefore less radiation need be used to draw the picture.

We prefer not to belabor that point, however. The patient can profit in another way: from the same amount of radiation, a better image for interpretation.

But unless you happen to be an interpreter yourself, it is not you who must decide whether our industry's new technological accomplishment is significant.



Dear America

ALEXANDER DOLGUN'S STORY
AN AMERICAN IN THE GULAG
by ALEXANDER DOLGUN with
PATRICK WATSON
370 pages. Knopf, \$10.

A little after 1 o'clock on Dec. 13, 1948, a 22-year-old American file clerk from the U.S. embassy in Moscow named Alexander Dolgun strolled down Gorky Street on his way to lunch. Suddenly a tall, good-looking stranger hailed him like a long-lost friend. Alex's

1989 ARTIST



ALEXANDER DOLGUN AT HOME TODAY
"Memory keeps you alive."

purported *kiryukha* (old buddy) was a major in the MGB, the Ministry of State Security, who promptly took him to jail. What began as a delayed luncheon lasted seven years and eight months. For the first 18 months the MGB tried unsuccessfully to force their prisoner to confess that he was a spy, then sentenced him to 25 years of hard labor anyway. He served only a third of that, but not until he was almost 30 did Alexander Dolgun walk a Moscow street again.

An *American in the Gulag* is the record of those lost years. Within the genre of Russian prison literature, Dolgun's memoir may rank only as a sort of rough

appendix. It is none too carefully composed and, in places, overwritten. But it brings home truths about bureaucratic cruelty and individual endurance all the more effectively for U.S. readers because the author, though he had spent much of his life in Russia, was an American. In prison he passionately held on to his American identity, steadily regarding himself as an unlikely candidate for political martyrdom. After all, a mistake had been made. He was not even the spy type. He collected guns, but he also collected girls and loved fast cars and subscribed to the Charles Atlas Dynamic Tension course. If his Polish-born father had not needed a job badly enough to leave New York during the Depression and sign on with the Moscow Automotive Works, Alex at 22 might have



DOLGUN AT SOVIET CAMP HOSPITAL, 1955
Mairzy Doots and the Marines' Hymn.

been singing a phrase from one of his favorite songs. Pardon Me, Boy, Is That the *Chattanooga Choo-Choo*? in Rockefeller Center rather than while strolling along Gorky Street.

Instead, he found himself in a black cell, from which he was dragged for interrogation 18 hours a day six days a week. He subsisted on sour bread, watery soup, the thinnest of porridges—and almost no sleep. More than once he plotted suicide. "Memory keeps you alive," he sums up. Dolgun clearly has an extraordinary memory, and he used it in various ways to survive.

At the far edge of sanity, for instance, he kept running through his head a "private screening" of *13 Rue Madeleine*, an interminable Jimmy Cagney spy movie. In his cell, he sang *Don't Fence Me In*, *Mairzy Doots* and the *Ma-*

rines' Hymn, and in every way used his dream of returning to America to keep his spirits up. There is an astonishing passage in the book describing how he began walking from one end of his cell to the other, counting each measured footstep as he imagined himself walking out of prison into the suburbs of Moscow, crossing into Poland, across Germany and France, on to the floor of the Atlantic—to the U.S.

At the Dzhelkagan camp, where he met a wagonload of corpses coming out as he went in, Dolgun was originally sent to the killing rock quarries, but he soon got himself assigned to easier jobs as a welder and, best of all, as a hospital assistant. Before he was through he had amputated a patient's toes and one leg and performed an appendectomy. He even managed to fall in love. The girl committed suicide in 1956 just as political prisoners began to be released.

Dolgun's story of his postcaptivity chronicle is a bit of an anticlimax. He returned to Moscow. He secured a well-paid job as medical editor in the Ministry of Health. He bought a refrigerator. He bought a car. He married. With the tireless help of a letter-writing sister, the wife of a United Nations official, he eventually acquired an exit visa. In December 1971, 23 years after his arrest, 38 years after he had last seen New York, he landed at Kennedy Airport. ■ Melvin Maddocks

Alexander Dolgun was only seven years old when his parents took him from Brooklyn to Moscow in 1933. But time after time, as the whole diabolic system of the Gulag conspired to rob him of his humanity, Dolgun managed to summon up a life-giving vision of America. With his Russian wife Irene and their son Andrew, 9, Dolgun has now been in the U.S. for 41 months. Has the America he found lived up to his expectations? Yes, he insists. "In the Soviet Union, some of my friends told me I'd be a pauper, a beggar, when I came home. Even Irene was worried that at my age I'd have trouble making a living. But I never worried." In the 15 years following his release from camp, besides working for that Moscow medical publishing house, Dolgun translated many English-language scientific books into Russian. In camp, he also tried his hand as an arc welder, a copper miner, a locksmith and an electrician. "Coming back to my own country should have been the easiest thing for me," Dolgun says. "And it was." Today he is on the staff of the National Institutes of Health in Maryland, working on its international exchange programs.

Dolgun's deeply embattled sense of being an American was fixed, he thinks, by the way he was treated in his Soviet school. After 1934, there were ferocious

anti-foreign campaigns in the USSR Dolgun was often beaten up and taunted by Moscow schoolmates. "Some of the scars on my face are from that period," says Dolgun, who bears the marks of torture all over his body. "That's when I learned to box," he says of his school days, "and when I became an American."

"After I got out of prison," he explains, "I read everything I could lay my hands on about the U.S." At the regular meetings of his "trade union," a group of former prisoners, he and his friends were able to exchange information about the West that they got from foreign short-wave radio broadcasts. He also continued to get copies of *Popular Mechanics* and *Scientific American* at the ruble equivalent of about \$25 apiece. "In my Moscow office, I kept a map of New York," he adds. "I traveled the streets in my mind, just as I had in prison."

Country Music. Dolgun seems to have reconstructed his sustaining prison dream of America intact outside Washington. He is impatient with any implied or overt criticism of the U.S. The Dolguns are touchingly proud of their modest seven-room, one-story suburban home with its small front and back yards. Country music is the favored fare on the radio. Irene is still learning to drive. Meanwhile, Dolgun does most of the shopping at local supermarkets.

A visitor has to search hard for signs of the Dolguns' Russian past. Their German shepherd answers to the name Laska (Friendly in Russian). There are copies of the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* (a Russian émigré newspaper) for Irene. The few Russian language books on the shelves are mostly by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who interviewed Dolgun for *The Gulag Archipelago*.

Something else sets the Dolguns apart. They celebrate a holiday of their own, December 21st, the date of their arrival in the U.S. They call it their birthday. On the Dolguns' third birthday last year the family gathered around the dining room table for their ritual. At the head of the table, Alexander Dolgun raised his glass. Softly he offered the old Russian sailors' toast that has come to refer to the men and women who are still in the prisons and camps of the U.S.S.R.: "To those still at sea." It is also the dedication of his book.

Plumbers of the Deep

THE BOAT
by IOTHAR-GÜNTHER BUCHHEIM
463 pages. Knopf, \$10.

Consider the nature of the underwater hero. Neptune, Jules Verne's Captain Nemo, even *Marvel Comics'* Prince Namor, the Sub-Mariner, have all shared the brooding yet tempestuous personality often associated with fallen angels. The modern heir of these model wetheads is the submarine captain, particularly the German U-boat command-

er of World War II. With his beard, shabby sweater, and a little help from Hollywood, he cuts a theatrical figure that falls somewhere between cruel, cynical buccaneer and psychiatrist on summer vacation.

Literary Gimbals. Lothar-Günther Buchheim served on U-boats as a documentary journalist working for the Nazi government. Now the author resurrects that darkly romantic image in a novel that two years ago was a controversial bestseller in Germany. Whatever Buchheim's intention, his commander, a dour 30-year-old invariably referred to as the Old Man, comes off as the foreman of a band of master plumbers who seem to spend most of their time wrapped around greasy tubing talking about their alley-cat sex lives.

The soldier as a morally lobotomized professional is a familiar 20th century item. Indeed, pride in professionalism has too often become the true refuge of the scoundrel. Yet Buchheim skillfully dodges these issues by casting his book as documentary, fly-on-the-wall fiction. Its amount of factual authenticity about the 220-ft. submarine and its innards is mesmerizing. Technical data about pressure hulls, diesel engines, electric motors, torpedoes and underwater navigation form a web of fascinating distraction. The incessant diving, ogling of manometers and Papenberg gauges, and the flooding and blowing of ballast tanks run like a litany throughout the book. Buchheim employs some tricky literary gimballs to keep himself balanced between feelings of revulsion and respect for the men aboard this stifling tunnel of dead metal. He is adept at flattening his prose in the manner of much postwar German writing, creating an ironic though pat Götter-

dämmerung or adding a horrific touch of 1920s expressionism.

The 50-man crew of the submarine are an unappealing lot. They are first encountered at their home port, St.-Nazaire, in Occupied France, taking a final orgiastic gulp of life before setting out on Atlantic patrol. The time is 1941. U-boats no longer prowl unchallenged. Losses are mounting. By the end of the war only 10,000 of Hitler's 40,000 underwater raiders will have survived. The Old Man is a superb tactician who can play hound or hare with equal skill. He is imperturbable, whether sinking Allied shipping or riding out depth-charge attacks. He is also impenetrable. Writes Buchheim: "Attack so as not to be destroyed. Submit to the inevitable," seems to be his motto. "In truth, the Old Man's fatalism seems more than a bit ersatz. He never talks politics, but he openly derides the martial rhetoric of his Nazi superiors. The impression left is that if the stuff turned out by Joseph Goebbels' propaganda ministry read more like Joseph Conrad, the Old Man would have more happily embraced the inevitable."

The Boat is an exciting adventure yarn, full of battle tension and long bouts of boredom on long patrols. But as a novel, its characters are considerably less alive than the technology that encases them. Even at an incredible 900 rivet-popping feet beneath the Atlantic, there is the uneasy feeling of bobbing rudderless on the surface. **R.Z. Sheppard**

Liederkrantz

MONEY IS LOVE
by RICHARD CONDON
302 pages. Dial, \$8.95.

The patient is sitting up and taking umbrage. After several dolorous books, Richard Condon, no black humorist but an eyeball-red one in the great, ranting days of *The Manchurian Candidate* and *The Oldest Confession*, seems to be stirring faintly back to life. *Money Is Love* does have patches so swampy that even addicted admirers will cast down their eyes in shame, but the life signs are nevertheless strong: "Mason took in enough cannabis smoke to allow a Lipan Apache manipulating a blanket over it to transmit the complete works of Tennyson. He swallowed hard. He held it down until his eyes watered, then he blew it out slowly. He grinned at her broadly. 'Your husband was murdered in front of Bloomingdale's at two-ten this afternoon.'"

This is not great Condon, but it is good Condon. The murdered dude was a whiz-bang insurance salesman, the best-dressed knight of the Million Dollar Round Table and a sure bet to pull down \$150,000 a year. Naturally his wife wants him back. Using a computerized electronic prayer wheel that she whips up with her soldering iron, she petitions all gods ancient and modern, known or



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BOOKS

numored, and becomes (to the surprise of the gods themselves) the first soul in recorded eternity to get a message through.

Her plea occurs at a particularly convenient time, because angels of every condition have convened in historic Liederkranz Hall on Manhattan's East 58th Street, between Park and Lexington Avenues, to hammer out a new moral code for human society. The angels cannot understand a relatively new development called "money," which has become the most powerful of humanity's totems. They begin to suspect that the million-dollar lapel grabber and his wife can help.

But there is a complication that no one can understand. Commemorative china plates issued in high-priced limited editions by the schlock art industry—displaying grackles by Boehm, farmhouses by Wyeth, Wedgwood heads of Commerce Secretary Frederick B. Dent, and so on—have become the back-up currency of the overheated U.S. economy. Another complication is that Athena, Apollo, that bisexual twin Hermes, and Zeus, 42 ft. tall but disguised, more or less, as a skirt-chasing municipal court judge, have settled in above a Greek restaurant on 18th Street, hoping to get some of the action.

Incoherence approaches an absolute. It would take George Bernard Shaw to handle the resultant ironies of God, man and money. Condon merely bangs the ironies together, hoping that they will make comical sounds. Such is his rare and clangorous gift that sometimes they do.

—John Skow

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Moneychangers, Hailey (11 last week)
- 2—Centennial, Michener (2)
- 3—The Promise of Jay, Drury (4)
- 4—Shardik, Adams (7)
- 5—The Dreadful Lemon Sky, MacDonald (3)
- 6—A Month of Sundays, Updike (5)
- 7—The Mists of Folly Creek, West (9)
- 8—Black Sunday, Harris (8)
- 9—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (6)
- 10—Spindrift, Whitney (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Ascent of Man, Bronowski (2)
- 2—Total Fitness, Morehouse & Gross (4)
- 3—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (1)
- 4—Here at The New Yorker, Giff (3)
- 5—Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry (5)
- 6—Breath of Faith, White
- 7—When I Say No, I Feel Guilty, Smith (9)
- 8—You Can Get There from Here, MacLaine (10)
- 9—Conversations with Kennedy, Bradley (8)
- 10—The Bankers, Mayer (6)

GET RICH SLOWLY

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The world is filled with get-rich-quick schemes. Most of them, alas, don't work—and cause unwary investors to lose millions of dollars every year.

But there are many excellent and completely sound opportunities to get rich slowly that often are overlooked by the average person.

For instance, did you know that if you started investing just a little more than \$80 every month at the age of 30, and got a 15% return compounded annually, by the time you were 65 it would add up to \$1,013,346? Over a million dollars from about \$80 a month!

Of course, this does not take into account the income tax you would pay on the return from your investment. But sound tax planning can reduce this factor to a minimum.

And if you are older than 30, it is true that you do not have as long a period of time to pyramid your savings, but you probably are earning more than you did at 30 and can afford to save and invest more than \$80 a month.

\$80 a month, admittedly, is not "small change." But with shrewd money management, many families can save that amount. And getting a return of 15% on an investment, although very good, is not as impossible as it may sound.

According to statistics, in one recent 20-year period, the combined annual return from dividends and capital appreciation on all common stocks averaged 14.3%. That's a figure that's all the more meaningful right now, when stocks are at a level where some experts think they may be bargains.

Similar returns may be found in well-chosen real estate investments or in a carefully managed family business.

Then why don't most of us end up with at least a million dollars by the time we're 65?

Sometimes it is due to unavoidable circumstances—unemployment, family illnesses, and so forth. But surely an important factor is simply a lack of knowledgeable planning and sound money management.

It is with this common problem in mind that the publishers of *U.S. News & World Report* have now developed the **MONEY MANAGEMENT LIBRARY.**

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- How just a few sentences in your will can save your heirs hundreds or even thousands of dollars.

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- How to spot costly problem areas in contracts before you sign them.

- The one important legal document you should not keep in your safe deposit box.

- Federal income tax audits: how to determine beforehand if your return is likely to be "flagged."

- How to go about administering an estate for which you have been named executor or executrix.

- A simple step that saves your life insurance proceeds from estate taxes.

- The value of saving your "closing statement" when you buy a home.

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Another Kind of Depression

For many Americans, the word depression means more than economic or psychological problems. Under their homes or places of business, the ground is literally sinking. Parts of the Houston-Galveston region, for instance, have dropped as much as 8 ft. In California's fertile agricultural valleys, the sink rate has reached 1 ft. per year. Indeed, geological depression is so serious, reports the New York Academy of Sciences, that it has already caused millions of dollars in damage across the U.S. The toll has ranged from broken sewer lines and cracked pavements to an increased incidence of lowland flooding.

Such sinking, called subsidence by geologists, can occur naturally. In river deltas, for example, as muddy sediments pile up, their weight often grows great enough to press down the land beneath them. Subsidence can also take place on a larger scale as a byproduct of the creeping movements of the giant, continent-sized plates that make up the earth's surface. Whatever the cause, natural subsidence is extremely slow and almost imperceptible. It is subsidence caused by humans that is taking place with alarming speed in many parts of the U.S. and elsewhere.

Shrinking Underpinning. As water, oil and gas are pumped in increasing quantities from deeply drilled wells, the upper layers of clay, shale or silt often dry out and contract. The surface of the earth then subsides on its shrinking underpinning. California's San Joaquin Valley, pocked with irrigation wells, has sunk up to 29 ft. since intensive farming began there in the 1940s. Only recently have engineers finally managed to halt the subsidence by piping in water from elsewhere in the state.

Near Los Angeles, a 20-sq.-mi. depression has formed around the Wilmington oilfield after 35 years of exploi-

tation. At the center of the great bowl lies the Long Beach Naval Shipyard, where a 29-ft. decline in the land level has forced the Navy, oil companies and others to build flood-control dikes. Besides twisting railroad tracks, crushing oil-well casings and undermining buildings, the slumping of the ground has also triggered small earthquakes. To jack up the sunken terrain, the city of Long Beach has been forcing water back into the ground.

Even more spectacular collapses have occurred in parts of Alabama, which is crisscrossed by underground limestone caverns. As the water table lowers, the clay covering over the caverns becomes more compact and weaker; sometimes it collapses completely, creating gaping craters known as sinkholes. In one Birmingham industrial park, more than 200 such collapses have occurred in recent years, turning a half-sq.-mi. area into a facsimile of the lunar landscape. No end to the problem appears to be at hand. As the New York Academy's journal, *The Sciences*, points out, "With man's seemingly unquenchable thirst for Earth's fluids, the land will continue to sink."

Fingerprinting Diamonds

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but for the police they are a major nuisance. Once they are stolen, they are among the easiest of valuables to sell. Even if they are recovered, the four Cs of the diamond business—cut, clarity, carat and color—provide only the roughest means of identification. In fact, identification is sometimes so difficult that police have occasionally been forced to return diamonds to a known thief because there was no proof that they were stolen goods. Now, Israeli scientists think they have solved the gem identity crisis with a system that they claim is as infallible as fingerprinting.

The idea for a so-called gemprinting technique grew out of a chance conversation between Physicist Shmuel Shtrikman and an old friend, Meyer Kaplan, head of the criminal identification division of the Israeli Ministry of Police. While describing his work at the Weizmann Institute, Shtrikman complained that each of the diamonds he was using in his experiments produced a unique pattern when a beam of light was reflected from it onto a screen. Aware that Israel is the world's largest exporter of cut diamonds, Kaplan suggested that the patterns might be used to identify individual gems.

Shtrikman and his Weizmann team soon developed a simple diamond-identifying device. It consists of a small he-

lium-neon laser that directs a beam of light through a pinhole in a sheet of Polaroid film and onto a diamond. As the laser's uniform light waves hit the "table" (or top facet) of the gem, some of them are reflected. Others enter the diamond, circle around inside it and are refracted at varying angles. The result is a unique pattern of spots on the film that looks like a bright, star-cluttered sky; in more advanced versions of the system, the spots turn into a pattern of concentric circles because the diamond is rotated during exposure. Says Shtrikman: "Diamonds are like people. No two are alike. Every diamond, even the purest, has specific impurities, stains and flaws. Even the smallest difference between stones can cause a completely different print." Only if the diamond is cut up into smaller gems—often difficult to do unless the original stone is quite large—or if some of its facets are repolished will the distinctive identifying information be lost.

Act of Faith. Now manufactured commercially by Kulso Ltd., the machine (cost: about \$3,500) can produce an identifying print in two minutes. Shtrikman believes that the patterns, which show brilliancy and quality of a cut stone as well, can also be used to assess a diamond's value. That innovation could have even greater impact on gem transactions. Until now, the only real assurance diamond traders have had when they concluded a deal was the traditional act of faith between them: a handshake and the exchange of the Hebrew words "mazal u-brocha" (luck and a blessing).

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